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HEART AND MOUTH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PROFESSOR WALCHNET.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"There are in life many friendly faces; let us reflect whether they are at heart like friends."

Heart and Mouth! Are they at variance,
With antagonistic creed?
They whom Nature's hand united?
Sure, 'tis very strange indeed.

List! The *Mouth* saith, "I adore you—
Will befriend you till I die;"
But a dark reverse steals o'er you,
Chilling clouds involve your sky—

Heart, with fix'd indifference, greets you,
Marble face and frosty eye
Does not know you when it meets you,
Or disdainfully passes by.

List again. The *Mouth* pronounceth
Vows of loyalty sublime;
But the hidden *Heart* decideth,
Cunningly, to bide its time—

Like the lithe chameleon changing
With the sunbeam and the dew,
While its patriot fervor taketh
From each circumstance its hue.

Lo! the statesman's *Mouth* hath uttered
Lofty words of glorious thought,
But his swerving *Heart* doth lead him
Far from what his precepts taught;

Truth disowns him while he staineth
The white tablet of his fame,
And his hand in secret hoardeth
Spoils that plunge his soul in shame.

Heart and *Mouth!* Restore the union
That creative wisdom meant,
Dwelling in unblamed communion
Till your term of time is spent.

Hartford, Conn., August 26, 1861.

THE HUNTED LIFE.

A STORY OF STARTLING ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

CHAPTER IV.

CONFLICTS.

It was a spot where I had played in childhood. Had I thought of this before, I might have chosen some other locality. The rising sun was just darting its golden beams into the vale, and the yellow buttercups and the sweet violets were reflecting back the glad rays from their crowns of dewy diamonds. But the birds, as though they had a sense of what was going on, were not so cheerful. Their notes, which had aforetime been blithe and joyous, were changed to screeches of alarm as we approached, and they flew away from us as if we had been spirits of evil. I saw the spot where I had sat many an hour, beneath the shade of an old elm, and I saw the little brook where, in the happier days, I had built a tiny dam, and rigged a water-wheel. My father and my mother were living then. I stopped, and bowed my head upon my hands. It was not with fear, but a momentary whelming of these old recollections. Finally the emotion was passed, and I struggled up from the tender mood into a fit of stern calmness which was as foreign to my nature as this present work was foreign to my wishes. I looked upon my companion, and saw that he had become calm and composed. He understood the meaning of my glance, for he quickly said:

"You need not fear for me, Maurice. While we are in the presence of those men, I will be as firm as iron."

I thanked him, and we then hurried on. I bade Mr. Stewart good morning, but Hector Vandorf did not invite me, so I did not speak with him. But I saw his face, and its expression startled me. It was the look of a demon. The thin lips were compressed and bloodless, the skin as white as marble, save where the adder-spots appeared, and the great, deep-set black eyes glistening like orbs of ice. I think it was the most deadly look I ever saw. Dick noticed it, and called my attention to it.

"Do you mark his face?" he whispered. "Do you see how his hands are clutched? Upon my soul, Maurice, he means mischief."

"I know him," I replied. "Go now and arrange with Stewart."

"But who is this?"

It was another man, with a box under his arm, approaching from the river.

"It is the surgeon," remarked Stewart. "I thought it best to have one. Vandorf is a sure shot, and I suppose you are as good, so there'll be likely to be a wound somewhere."

I nodded, and was then introduced to Doctor Martin Lownder. I did not fancy his looks, and so made no conversation with him, further than to assent to his proposition that it was a very fine morning.

Presently Dick returned, and told me of the arrangements which had been proposed.

"We are to cast lots for the choice of positions," he said.

I assented to that.

"The distance is to be twelve paces."

To that I had no objection.

"You are to both fire together at the word *three*."

I liked that, too.

"We have examined the pistols, and as there is no material difference in them, we have decided that each may use his own weapon if he likes."

It was all satisfactory, and I only wished that the thing might be concluded as soon as possible.

The choice of position fell to me, and I took my stand with my back to the sun. The distance was measured off, and the pistols placed in our hands. I think I was never more cool and collected in my life, but not so with my antagonist. He was not frightened, but he was eager—eager for my life—so eager that I saw his hand tremble. I do not think that he held a thought of my bullet, or that he thought of his own life, whether he lost it or not. As I caught his eye after the first word had been given, he seemed like a maniac, thirsting for blood. And yet I had no fear. I saw how excited he was, and I did not believe he could hit me.

According to agreement, our weapons hung by our sides. At the word ONE we raised them. At the word TWO we took aim. At the word THREE Hector fired, and his ball flew wide of its mark, for I did not hear its whistle.

"You did not fire, Captain," cried Stewart, starting towards me.

"It will save you the trouble of loading my pistol," I replied.

"But," he said, with some uneasiness, "this will be hardly fair. It will not sound well. Mr. Vandorf does not wish to murder you; he only wants satisfaction."

I replied to him that I had given Hector Vandorf the privilege he sought. I had no explanations to make. Was another shot demanded?

He said it was.

I told them to arrange it, then.

After Vandorf's pistol had been reloaded, Dick came to me and asked me what I meant.

"I do not mean to harm that man if I can help it," I replied.

He looked at me wonderingly.

"Dick," I added, "I should think you might understand me. For accepting Hector Vandorf's challenge I have no excuse to offer. The world may judge me as it sees fit. But you should understand why I spare him. Should I shoot him, my last hope of love and joy would die out forever. Should he fall by my hand, could I ever offer that hand to Edith Duncan?"

Dick replied that he understood me, but he was anxious to know how many times I meant to let Vandorf fire at me.

"Leave that to me," I told him.

He seemed to see that I felt confident, and he went back to arrange for the next fire. In a few moments all was ready, and we were facing each other again. At the word THREE Vandorf fired as before. I fired, but straight up into the air. Stewart saw what I had done, and reproached me with thus seeking to avoid the contest.

"Does Hector Vandorf seek further satisfaction?" I asked.

"Aye!" cried Vandorf himself, stamping with passion. He spoke to me, and looked me in the eye. "This is no boy's play. You are not to escape me so easy." And then he swore by an oath that he would fire until one of us fell.

I closed my hands by my side, and bade Dick reload my pistol. I told him to load it carefully, to see that the cap was perfect, and pressed snugly down.

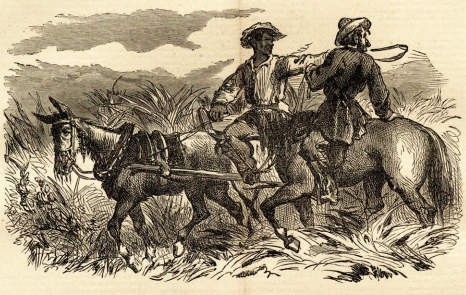
Dear reader, you who have used the pistol or the rifle, did you never, when taking your weapon for a shot, feel such a conviction of your power over the instrument as to make you morally sure of your mark? You have taken up your piece with an absolute assurance that the ball should do your bidding. So I felt when I took my pistol for that third shot. Dick saw the expression upon my face, and he asked me if I meant to kill my antagonist.

"No," said I, "not if I can help it. But I mean to hit him, and put a stop to this scene."

When I looked upon Vandorf, I saw that he was more excited than before. He was not himself. His passion had made him mad. He quivered with excitement, and his pistol was clutched furiously. I have often wondered since how I was so calm at that moment, and I have thought that the shock which my heart had received in its great agony had something to do with it.

At the word ONE I fixed my eye upon Vandorf's right hand, where it curled up under the butt of his pistol. The mark was good enough for me, and when I heard the word THREE I fired. My adversary's ball passed through my pantaloons, just grazing the skin upon the inner part of my left knee as it went. At the same instant I heard a cry of pain, and saw Hector's pistol drop to the ground. I only feared that some chance splinter from the stock of his weapon, or a glancing of the ball, might have given him other injury, but it was not so. His hand alone had been damaged.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



AN UNKNOWN AND MYSTERIOUS PURSUER.

I asked Stewart if that would do.

"It will have to do," he replied, and I thought he spoke as though he was sorry that I had not got my share of the expended bullets. "Mr. Vandorf cannot hold a pistol now, so of course he cannot fire again. I trust, my dear Captain, that you have no fault to find with the way in which the affair has been conducted on my part."

I assured him that he had given me no cause for complaint; and then I turned towards the wounded man. I did not expect that he would wish to give me his hand, but I thought it hardly honorable to turn away without giving him the opportunity. He saw me coming, and beckoned me forward. The doctor was just binding up his hand.

"Maurice Garland," he said—and his teeth ground furiously together as he spoke, "you have escaped for this time; but I'll have you yet!" And then he swore by another oath that there was not room enough for him and me on the same earth!

I did not pay much attention to his words at the time, for I thought them only the ravings of a madman. Aye, and so they were; but I did not then dream how much they meant, nor how fixed and dreadful was his madness. I turned from him, and when Dick had put up my pistols, we started away together. When we reached the river path I told my companion to forget the gloom of the early morning, and look to brighter things.

"It is past," I said, "and we may as well forget it as not. I know you forgive me for the pain I have occasioned you."

He assured me that he did; and from that time we talked of other things.

We reached the hotel in time for breakfast; and in an hour afterwards we took the boat for New York, where we spent the day and night. On the following morning we returned to our stopping-place up the Hudson, where we found John Head waiting for us.

It did me good to see that honest face, and to grasp that bold, frank, generous hand. John was younger than I—a few years—but circumstances, which I need not mention here, had made him like a brother to me. I had known his old father and mother—they had nursed me through a long and weary sickness, in their quiet, humble home, where the towering peaks of old Mote and Chocorua look down like guardian sentinels upon their roof-tree. God bless them!

John was rather slight of frame, and at first glance he might have been taken for a small man; but wo betide the unsuspecting individual who tempted his muscle. He had shoulders broad enough for a man weighing one-third more than he did; and, moreover, he was quick as thought, and his cords were strung like wires of steel. A valuable companion was John Head, upon the stream or in the forest. And how pleased he was when he knew that I had made up my mind to accompany them upon their hunting tour.

In a few days our arrangements were all complete, and nothing remained for us to do but to get away from the Atlantic board as soon as possible. Let the reader not imagine that we three were to constitute the whole hunting party. By no means. Three more of our friends—they were friends of my friends, and so, of course, friends to me—had gone by the way of the Lakes to St. Anthony, and were to join us at St. Louis. On Monday morning Dick and John took the boat for New York, and I promised to meet them on the following day.

And now I was to see Edith once more. I had not seen her since my meeting with Vandorf; but I could not go away without the interview. I called upon her in the evening, and she received me as tenderly and kindly as ever. She had heard of the duel, and she knew the provocation which had been given me. She knew that Hector had threatened, if I did not meet him, to attack and insult me in the public street. How she had heard this she did not tell me, nor did I ask her. And she had heard more, too; for she laid her hand upon my arm, and told me that she had feared Hector would kill me.

"Did you think he meant to kill me?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied. "I heard him say enough to assure me of that. But you spared him. Is it not so?"

"It is, Edith. His life was in my hands from the first. I could have shot him at will; but I would not. Had I killed him, of course I could never have seen you again. When I found that he was determined to continue the conflict until blood was shed, I resolved to disable him, without doing him a fatal injury. Has he been here since?"

"Yes, he has been here twice."

"Then the wound was not a bad one?"

"Only so far as it disables his right hand. It pains him, and he carries it in a sling. But, Maurice, he is fearfully vengeful towards you. O, I am glad you are going away. He may get over it before you come here again."

"Then you think he still hunts my life?"

"Yes, I know he does. And, Maurice, I think more than that." She looked up into my face, and shuddered, as she added: "I think he is insane—I think he is mad. If he has conceived a deadly hatred towards you, it has become a sort of monomania with him. O, I am glad you are going away."

I had not regarded Hector Vandorf's madness exactly in this light before; but now that Edith had called my attention in that direction, I remembered some things which had a bearing that way. I remembered that the elder Vandorf—Hector's father—had been a peculiar man, and that at one time he was prevented from doing business for nearly two years—that his partner could not trust him—that he destroyed his own property—and that he was sent away to travel for his health. I asked Edith if she did not remember it.

Yes, she remembered it very well; for her father had spoken of it at the time.

"Then," said I, "there may be some hereditary disease in Hector's veins."

"I fear there is," was Edith's reply.

"And must you marry with such a man!"

She reached both her hands upon my shoulders, and gazed up into my face with a look that pierced me to the soul. It was full of prayer, and full of love, full of eager entreaty, and yet bore the shadow of a broken, bleeding heart.

"Maurice," she said, scarcely above a whisper, "I shall never marry with that man! To my death-bed I shall carry the only love my heart ever felt; and my dying breath shall bear your name in prayer to heaven!"

She rested her head upon my bosom, and burst into tears; and once more I clasped my arms about the beloved form. How long we remained thus I do not know. I only know that finally the spell was broken, and that she arose and took another seat.

"Henceforth," she said, in a tone unnaturally calm, "I must remember my duty to the memory of my dead father. Bear with me, Maurice, and spare me. I am glad you are going away; and I hope you will enjoy yourself. You will school your heart to the separation, and by and by the old spirit of buoyant life will come back again."

I shook my head sadly.

"Don't feel so," she continued. "I shall be less unhappy if I know that you are enjoying yourself. You will write to my mother, and let us know how you are prospering."

"I shall not write to you?"

"No," she replied, frankly, "you had better not. Hector might find it out."

"And would he harm you in consequence?"

"Ah, Maurice, it is not for myself that I fear. Hector Vandorf already believes that you alone stand in his way to my hand. I wish, if possible, to remove your image from his mind. Do you not understand me?"

Yes, I did understand her; and I saw how reasonable was her precaution; and I promised, furthermore, that I would be governed by her directions.

At length I arose to take my leave. We stood together in the hall—stood for some minutes—holding each other by the hand. What could I say? My heart was full, but my tongue was powerless. Edith, however, was more calm and self-possessed. She spoke, in a soft, low, whisper, from the depths of her pure soul:

"Good-bye, Maurice. God bless you! good angels watch over and guard you! So—good-bye!"

I stood alone upon the river's bank, crushed almost to earth by the great agony; but finally I struggled up from the dark pit, and turned my gaze towards the stars. It was a night of severe conflict between Hope and Despair; but the better spirit conquered. I may not tell the story of my soul's struggle on that night. I could not if I would. I can only say that I came forth calm and resigned, with a dim, shadowy hope in the future. I was young; what might not the coming years have in store for me? I resolved to trust them—to cast my great hope forward into the cup of the unborn time—earnestly praying to God that it might be returned to me in fruition.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE TRAIL.

It was quite a journey to St. Louis, the way we were then forced to travel; and we were over two weeks in reaching that point; but we reached the Mound City, the metropolis of the "Far West," without accident of any kind, and took up our lodgings in the most comfortable hotel we could find. There was no lack of comfortable hotels, dear reader, in St. Louis; but there was lack of spare room; for the city was full of strangers—strangers from East and West, and North and South; and, I verily think, strangers from all quarters of the globe. But we succeeded in finding good accommodations at one of the best houses; and then, while Dick went to look after our friends, who were to arrive from St Anthony, John and I went out to see about making the preliminary arrangements for our tramp over the prairies and through the wilderness.

In the afternoon Dick returned, bringing with him the well-known faces. We had expected three; but the third had been detained at St. Anthony by business which would keep him all summer. But the two who had come were a host in their way. In bulk of frame they were an army; though their powers of endurance were yet to be tested. **PETER HINES** had been introduced to me some years before by my friend, the colonel. He was an old stager; and the first time I ever saw him he was upon the box, with the reins of six horses in his hands. A glorious, noble-hearted fellow was old Pete. Through sunshine and through storm; in pleasant places and amid trials; in safety or in danger, he was always the same. His broad, red face shone with the spirit of innate goodness, and a simple look into his frank, genial countenance assured you that he was a friend to be trusted. Peter had seen some forty years of life, and weighed over two hundred pounds.

HASKETT EASTWOOD was the other. He was a different man from Peter, and yet he was much like him. He was darker of complexion; more slow and moderate in his movements; and loved to sit down and talk politics. He was plain-spoken; generally said just what he meant, hit or miss; and was not easily moved from the even tenor of his way. He, too, pulled up the beam at over two hundred, and was as strong as a moose. A warm, devoted friend was Haskett Eastwood, and a valuable member of any society. He had held office under government; though his chief business was in an extensive manufacturing establishment, which he and John Head had carried on together.

But our party was not yet complete. We wanted a guide, who could lead us to the best hunting grounds; and a sort of man Friday, who could cook for us, and make himself generally useful. For the guide, I had my eye upon him. I had met him in the street on the very day of our arrival; and I started forth in quest of him. I knew his habits, and so had a clue to help me in my search. I found him in a drinking-saloon, playing euchre. His name was Paul Redwing. Just fancy to yourself a man, of middle age, not over five-feet-ten in height, weighing close upon two hundred pounds, avoirdupois, and yet without a particle of redundant fat upon him, and you may have some conception of Paul Redwing's frame. For breadth of shoulders, and weight of limb, I never saw his match. The musles lay in huge masses wherever upon his body there was use for a muscle; and he was as quick and sure in his movements as a panther. His hair and beard had once been of a dark brown; but years of exposure to cold and heat, and to storm and sunshine, had bleached them to a dingy, mossy hue, and had also tanned his skin to the color of a withered leaf. His eye was gray, and as sharp and keen as a diamond of the first water; and his nerves were as steady as an old clock. His reputation as a trapper and a guide, and as a stout, cool, brave man, was well known to me, and I knew that if we could secure his services we should be most fortunate. He arose from the table where he had been playing, and came forward to meet me.

"Eh, Capt'n—this yer's kind o' good now, to see you in here. What'll ye take?"

"Nothing, Paul. I've come on business. What are you up to now?"

"Wal," he replied, withdrawing his eyes from the bar, where they had been fixed with a kind of longing look, "jest at this pertick'ler time I aint up to much of anything. I've jest come in from a trail. I've been to carry a party over the Ozarks, on their way to the Cherokee forts. And, Cap'n, we had sport."

"Buffaloes?" queried I.

"Buffaloes!" he repeated, as though the thought weren't worth considering. "No, sir. We had a pop at the real varmints—at the redskins. Close upon the North fork of the White

River we fell in with a party of them 'tarnal Osages, an' we had a brush. I think you seed me once, in Texas, among the Injuns."

I remembered the scene to which he alluded.

"Wal," he resumed, "that wa'n't a primin' to this yer touch. I took down ten of the red rascals in jes' about ten minits; an' I only shot two of 'em at that. But, Capt'n, won't ye drink?"

I assured him that I was not dry.

"Wal, I am. Hold on a minit, an' I'll be with ye."

He went to the bar, and drank a tumbler of raw whiskey, and then went with me out of doors, where I soon made him acquainted with my wishes. He was with me in a moment. Nothing could suit him better. Just exactly the kind of thing he had been hoping would turn up.

I then told him that we wanted a cook. Perhaps he knew of one.

"Jest the boy," he cried. "He's a nigger; but he's a good one. I sort o' half own him. I found him on the prairie, with a redskin's arrow in his back. His master had been killed, an' he were left to die. I took him up, and nussed him; an' he's been as faithful as a dog to me ever since. He's a good cook, an' a pooty 'cute kind of a crittur everyway. I call him Samp. I'll fetch him up this evenin'."

I went back to my hotel, and, according to promise, Paul made his appearance about eight o'clock, with his "boy." This boy was somewhere in the neighborhood of forty years old; stout and strong; black as the darkest night; but with a face of more than ordinary intelligence. There could be no mistake but that he would suit us.

As for Paul Redwing, my companions fairly fell in love with him. His immense physical strength was something to be wondered at and respected; and then his brusque good humor, his generous, frank speech, and his quiet, respectful manner of treating the observations of others, opened his way to the heart in a very short time. Before we separated that night, our plans had all been laid, and it only remained for us to purchase our equipments, which we resolved to do as soon as possible.

"Ther's one thing of course ye understand," remarked Paul, casting his eyes towards my companions. "Whar ther's buffaloes, ther's very like to be Injuns. The varmints hunt a good deal this season. They may be rantankerous, an' then agin they may not be. Ther's no tellin' till we meet 'em. The Capt'n, here—he's acquainted with 'em; but p'raps you never chanced to fall in with 'em when they was ugly."

"I've seen a good many of the Winnebagoes," remarked Haskett.

"Yes," added Peter. "We've met 'em very often up in Minnesota."

"Why, Lord bless yer souls, them Winnebagoes aint nothin'," returned Paul, with strong emphasis. "They aint no more'n so many wild hogs. Ef ye want to see reg'lar red varmints, ye must run afoul of the Arkansaw redskins, when they're maraudin'—I mean them as hunts all the way up and down the Arkansaw River. But never mind; we'll see some of 'em afore we get back."

"I don't have any particular desire to meet these Indians," said Peter; "but," he added, with a nod of the head which plainly told that he spoke the truth, "I sha'n't allow the fear of anything to deprive me of the sport of hunting buffaloes."

"That's the talk," returned Paul, appreciatingly. "Injuns aint nothin' to be afeared of if ye only keep yer eyes open. They aint human—the redskins aint. I call 'em a kind of cross atween the orang-outang and the painter, with a little of the wolf mixed in. I think it does 'em good to shoot 'em."

"It does me good, any how," ventured Samp, who sat away in one corner. "Blast 'um, I lub to shoot um!"

"Thar, now—thar's somethin' human for you," cried Paul, with a glance of real affection towards his boy. "It's kind o' cur'us that a black skin should be human, when a redskin aint; but it's so. I've had the experience, an' I know."

As the old trapper delivered himself of this bit of philosophy, he cast his eyes towards a black bottle which stood upon the table, with a glass by the side of it.

"Excuse me, gentlemen; but what's that yer?"

"That's brandy," replied Peter.

"You drink brandy?"

"Sometimes," said Peter, modestly.

Paul looked up into Peter's broad red face, and his grey eye twinkled. He shook his head, and repeated, in a sort of self-communing whisper—"*Sometimes.*" Then he reached over and took the bottle and the tumbler, and partook. He smacked his lips approvingly, and passed the bottle to Peter, saying again—"*Sometimes.*" Peter smiled very benignantly, and then drank of the beverage.

After this we talked over old scenes awhile, and then Paul and Samp withdrew, the former promising to be on hand early in the morning.

During the following day Paul and I made many purchases of articles which we needed; and so we kept at it until we were fully supplied. We had bought a good substantial wagon, with a thick canvas cover, and four stout mules to draw it; and as Samp was to drive the team, we let him have a voice in the choice of the animals. We also procured a good tent, with stakes and guys; camp-stools, and a table; cooking utensils and dishes; with plenty of provisions and ammunition. Of arms we had a plenty, and of various descriptions. Our horses we procured of a company that had just come in from the prairies, and they were good ones—all we could have asked for.

We had been in St. Louis twelve days. It was a bright Monday morning when we set forth, Paul and I on the lead; Dick and John next; Peter and Haskett following; while Samp brought up the rear with the team. Our course was to the southward and westward, and the fourth day carried us beyond the bounds of civilization. There were hamlets and settlements after that; but they hardly came up to the standard of a civilized community. On the afternoon of the fifth day we struck a broad prairie, and as we were riding over it, I fell back to speak with Samp. I asked after his mules; praised the manner in which he kept them; complimented him upon his driving; and was upon the point of rejoining my companions, when he called me back.

"Look yere, Mas'r Garland," he said, "I'se been a watchin' sumf'n dat's cumtracted my attenshun. 'Pears to me dar's sumf'n a follerin' us."

"What is it?" I asked, riding up by the side of his seat.

"Seems to me it's a man. I don't know whudder it's a redskin, or a human, as Mas'r Paul calls 'em; but I'm stock sure sartin dat it's somebody a hossback."

"Where is he?"

"When I seed him last he was right in our wake; but I haint seed noff'n of 'im for some time now.—No," he added, after standing up and looking through the back of his wagon for awhile, "I don't see 'im now."

It was a little curious, as the darkey said; but I attached no importance to the affair, and soon rode on in advance again.

Before sundown we left the prairie, and struck into a belt of timber; and as I rode near to the wagon Samp hailed me, and told me that he had seen the man again.

"What did he look like?" I asked.

"I don't know," replied the darkey, shaking his head; "but I kind o' s'pected whudder it mightn't be some miser'ble feller dat meant to hang 'round, an' try to steal sumf'n out ob de camp when we was all asleep."

"But we don't all sleep at once," I suggested.

"Ha—yah, yah,—I don't know 'bout dat, mas'r." And the darkey shook his head, and showed his ivories.

I asked him what he meant.

"O—dis chile knows what he sees; but he don't say noff'n. I was up las' night to look arter the mules. Dis berry chile was up."

"Well—and you found a man on the watch?"

"Preshus kind ob a watch he was keep'n;—yah, yah. But dis chile don't say noff'n. Don't go for to tellin' dat I said anyt'ing, bekase I didn't."

I did not press the darkey any further, for his meaning flashed upon me. I remembered of hearing the mules kicking during the night, and I knew it was then Peter's watch. I made up my mind that I would just whisper into Peter's ear—just a word—of the importance of keeping a watch at night; and at the same time suggest to him the propriety of not watering his brandy quite so freely.

"Look yere, Mas'r Capt'n,—mind now,—I haint said noff'n—I haint."

I told Samp that it was all right.

"I'll look out," I added, "that no thieves make their way into our camp." And with this I rode on.

In half an hour we came to the bank of a bright stream, and having forded it, we pitched our tent for the night, and picketed the animals. During the afternoon Paul had shot four good-sized curlews, and these Samp dressed and cooked for our supper. They were not much in bulk, but they afforded a nice "taste," and helped the meal along amazingly. We spent the evening in telling stories, and at an early hour prepared for sleep, for we were somewhat fatigued with the day's journey. Paul and I went out and examined the trail-ropes of the horses and mules, and when we had seen all safe in that direction, we crept into our blankets, leaving Eastwood on the watch.

I went to sleep but I did not sleep soundly, I was troubled with bad dreams; and once I started up with a cold sweat upon my brow and cheeks. The movement aroused Paul, who slept by my side, and he wanted to know what was the matter. I told him I had had a night-mare.

"Take a pull at my old horn," he said. "That'll make ye sleep. Whiskey's better'n brandy for the stummick."

I thanked him for his kind suggestion, but declined the "horn." I didn't think it would help me any. We had lain down, and Paul was already snoring, when some one looked into the tent, and pronounced my name. It was Peter who spoke, and I was soon with him. It was an hour past midnight, and the stars were shining brightly.

"What is to pay?" I asked, as I noticed Peter casting his eyes off into the wood.

"There's somebody lurking around the camp," he replied. "About half an hour ago the horses became restive, and a little while afterwards I heard a footfall not a great way off. I listened, and watched, and finally saw something moving, off in this direction—just by the bank of the stream. I think it was a man. Just before I called you I heard him again, and saw him plain enough. It is a man, I am sure."

I remembered the discovery which Samp had made, and of course I connected the two circumstances together. Just at this point Paul came out, and when he had heard the report, he got his rifle, and proposed to make a search.

"It may be a redskin," he said. "If 'tis we'll have him."

"He may be for firing at us if we leave the camp," suggested Peter.

"O, bless yer soul, 'taint no fightin' Injun 'at comes in that shape," replied the trapper. "If 'tis one o' them yer varmints, it's a skulkin' hoss-thief."

By this time Dick and Haskett had come out, and Samp had joined us from his perch on the wagon. We made considerable search, but without avail. We could see nothing of the intruder, nor could we hear anything.

We finally returned to the tent, and lay down again; but I slept no more that night. The old incubus seemed to haunt me, and the cold sweat came again, and again, upon my brow. What was it?

CHAPTER VI.

ENEMIES.

With the bright morning my spirits returned, though many times during the day did I find myself shuddering with the recollections of the dreams of the night. But I was careful not to let my companions see how I was moved; for I could have explained nothing, and might have been laughed at.

It is not my purpose to give a detailed account of our hunting adventures and exploits; for they would not only fill a large volume, but they were simply like those of all other hunters in that region, whose accounts have oftentimes been printed. But there were adventures peculiar to our party, and some confined to my individual self; which I shall give in the course of my narrative.

For three days more we kept on our course, crossing the Yungar River not far from the Osage, and leaving the Ozarks behind us. On the second day Samp saw the solitary horseman again, and at length I got a peep at him. We had just emerged from a belt of timber upon a prairie, and I saw the man about a mile away, in the wood, upon the track over which we had come. I doubted Samp's assertion no more, for I saw the figure plainly, and knew it to be a man on horseback. Paul and Dick were with me, and they, too, saw it. The old trapper shook his head, being wholly unable to account for it. It might be, he thought, some poor fellow that was forced to travel alone through the wilderness, and hung upon our rear for protection in case of danger. He didn't think it was a red-skin, and it didn't act like a horse-thief. The strange man, however, quickly disappeared, and was seen no more during the day.

We had passed the confines of Missouri, and were camped upon the bank of the Neosho, one of the larger tributaries of the Arkansas. We sat around the camp-fire until after ten o'clock, listening to an exciting story from Paul, and then my companions crawled into their blankets beneath the tent, while I took my rifle and mounted guard, which duty I was to perform until midnight. The moon was four days old, and shone quite brightly, gleaming upon the rippling waves of the river, and casting heavy shadows from the great trees. I was standing close by the water, leaning upon my rifle, and thinking of the past—thinking of boyhood, and of Edith Duncan, when I thought I heard something plash in the stream above me. I started, and looked up, and plainly saw some dark object glide away among the trees a few rods distant, and at the same time I noticed that the horses were becoming restive. It might be some animal that had come to the river to drink, and, seeing me, had fled back into the wood. Most likely it was a panther, for certainly it was an object of goodly size. If it should chance to be a panther, there was need of some decisive movement, or we might lose some of our animals.

I listened, but could hear nothing beyond the snuffling of the horses. I brought my rifle to a rest, and cocked it, and then crept up towards the spot where I had seen the object disappear. I had gained half the distance when I was startled by a sharp *click*, which sounded very near to me. It might have been the sudden snapping of a dry stick, but it did not sound like that. I stopped, and peered eagerly out into the wood. I was watching thus, when a quick blaze lighted up the gloom that hung beneath an old cotton-wood—a loud report came crashing upon my ear, and bullet went whistling by, within a foot of my head! My first impulse was to spring forward towards the point whence the report had come. I did so, and was in time to hear something swiftly retreating in the distance. I did not follow in pursuit, for I knew not what might be the danger at the camp in the meantime. As I turned back I met Paul, with his rifle in his hand, and close behind him came Dick and Eastwood. I told them just what had happened, and the trapper shook his head dubiously.

"It may be a redskin, but it don't act like one," he said. "It might be a horse-thief, but them kind o' calamity don't make such free use o' powder on the start."

"Mayn't it be some kind of a robber?" suggested Peter, who had come up in season to hear my story.

"I don't know," replied Paul, desperately. "It sticks me,—I'm blamed ef it don't! I can't see into it. But let's have a look around the camp. This may be only a trap. This chap may have companions; an' he hopes we'll foller him, while the others help theirselves to our fixin's."

We spent half an hour in searching; but nothing new came to light. Old Paul cared little for the danger. That was a part of his life. But he didn't like the idea of being "stuck." It was Peter's watch from twelve till two; but the trapper was resolved to keep it himself; and he did so;—and he also kept the guard till daylight; but he was not disturbed. In the morning we found the tracks of a man upon the river's bank, where I had first seen the dark object moving away; and Paul at once knew them to be the prints of a white foot.

"It wer a white man made that yer track," he said; "and I don't believe it wer a prairie ranger either. Them aint the kind o' boots sich calamity wears. Blame me ef it don't stick me—it do, sartin. Ef he comes agin, I hope I may be the one to see him. Ef he gits away from Paul Redwing, he's a cute one—that's all."

At that moment, could I have followed the impulse that came upon me, I should have turned back towards the bounds of civilization. But I would not allow the phantasy to move me. With a desperate effort I threw it off, and struck into a merry song; and by the time breakfast had been eaten, and our tent struck and packed for the start, I was myself again; and none had seen the shadow which had been casting its gloom around me. Perhaps Richard Thorn noticed it; but if he did, he gave me no indications that way.

The next evening we pitched our tent upon the bank of another stream,—I think it was the Verdigris, which empties into the Arkansas a short distance above the Neosho. It was about five o'clock when we struck the stream, and as the place offered a pleasant scene for our camp, we stopped. We had plenty of fresh game on hand, so that Samp had opportunity to display his culinary science; and he did it to perfection. After we had arranged our tent, and picketed the animals, Dick proposed a game of quoits; and we had just driven the stakes for this purpose, when Paul gave a low growl, very much after the fashion of a startled bull-dog. I looked around, and saw a party of six Indians approaching the camp. They were stout, raw-boned fellows, not more than half covered with clothing, and filthy as hogs. Yet they were well armed, with rifles and knives, and had some game with them.

"Look at 'em," said the trapper, clutching his rifle with a vindictive gripe. "Jes' look. D'ye call them yer critters human? Blame me ef thar's the fust thing human about 'em. Jes' look at 'em.—Ugh!"

I declare I was almost of Paul's opinion; for the very look of them was simply disgusting. A description of their filthiness would be sickening, and I shall not attempt it.

Peter asked if they were Osages.

"Yes," said Paul. "We're in the Osage country; an' them's some of the kind o' calamity that inhabits here. Come—they want to palarver. Let's go an' see what they want."

The party had stopped at a little distance off, and one of their number was approaching us, making a peculiar motion with his hands, and carrying his rifle with the butt towards us, all of which Paul explained to us meant that they were on a peaceful mission.

"Now I tell ye candid," said the old trapper, as we started towards the tent, "ef I follered out my nateral desire, I should shoot them varmint jes' whar they stand; but it mightn't be so safe in the end. It might bring a whole army of 'em down on us, an' keep us in a state o' worriment. Ef they'll let us alone, we will them."

Of course this was our idea, and we adopted it as altogether the best plan. We met the Indian close by the tent, and Paul assumed the office of spokesman.

"We are friends," said the Osage, bobbing his head, as though in token of submission.

"Where's the rest of yer party?" asked Paul.

"There," replied the Indian, pointing to his five companions.

"But I mean the rest of 'em," added Paul.

"Ugh—that's all," said the fellow, shaking his head. "We all alone—rest away off beyond the big river."

He meant the Arkansas. Some of his words he spoke in very good English; but much of his speech was in a jargon which I could not understand. Paul understood him, however, and questioned him thoroughly; and his story was as follows:—

He said that he and his companions had left their people on the Sha-wa-cos-kah, over a hundred miles off; and had wandered thus far alone, but were now on their way back. They had seen us as we approached the stream, and hoped that they might buy some rum and tobacco of us; and, if possible, some powder and bullets.

Paul told him we might spare a little tobacco, but no rum or ammunition. He seemed grateful for even this; and then obtained permission for his companions to approach. They came up—as foul and filthy a set as it is possible to conceive of—and we gave them some tobacco, and also a little bread and bacon; but we did not allow them to enter the tent, nor to go near the wagon. They sat down a little way from Samp's fire, and smoked their pipes, and then got up to leave. Paul asked them how far they thought of going that night.

There was a moon, they said, and they should keep on till they got tired. We watched them until they were out of sight; and then Paul drew forth his heavy bowie-knife—a regular "Arkansas Toothpick"—and ran his thumb along its edge.

"Boys," he said, sliding the knife back into its sheath, and glancing around upon us, "I don't want to make ye oneasy, but ef we aint in for a brush with them yer varmints, then I'm mistaken."

"What d'ye mean?" asked Peter. "D'ye think them six miserable scamps would dare to attack us? D'ye s'pose they expect to find us, in this section of country, without a guard?"

"Ah," replied the trapper, with a peculiar squinting of the eye, "ye don't know them 'tarnal cattle ef ye think they're alone on this trail. They lied. Them six was only scouts. Ef thar aint more of 'em within an hour's tramp of us, then old Paul Redwing don't know 'em."

I had had a suspicion that way myself, and I asked Paul if he really thought there was any danger of our being attacked.

"I don't pretend to say 'bout that," he answered. "They may attack us; an' then, agin, they mayn't. Only I'd lay my life, an' this ole rifle with it, 'at there's a reg'lar war-party o' them varmint somewhar in these yer diggin's. Howsumever, we'll have supper, an' then I'll scout it a bit."

By this time Samp had supper ready, and after the meal had been disposed of, Paul shouldered his rifle, and prepared to set out. He did not follow in the direction which the Indians had taken on their departure, but struck off upon the trail by which they had come. I asked him if I shouldn't accompany him; but he said, no.

"I'd better go alone," he added. "I ken keep the track of them that come this way; and I reckon I'll find a mark somewhar. Jes' you keep watch here, an' leave the rest to me." And with this he set forth.

It was after sundown when the trapper returned, and the moment I saw him I knew that he had found something; and so it proved.

"Wal, boys," he said, throwing the butt of the rifle upon the ground, and easing the strap of his powder-horn over his shoulder, "it's jes' as I expected. Thar's a big party o' them calamity not far off. I followed the track of the six that come here, an' about a mile away I fell upon an old camp whar they'd been stoppin'. I kept the trail till I come to a piece of sand, whar a freshet had washed in among the timber, an' thar I had 'em as plain as the eyes on a catamount. The tracks in the sand was fresh, and I counted thirty on 'em. I don't think I made any mistake. Ef I aint mightily deceived thar's jest thirty o' them varmints somewhar near us. O, I knowed, when I was talkin' wi' them onhuman critturs 'at they was only spies. I know'd they was a lyin'. Blame their wolf's livers, I could see through 'em. But, thar's no use a talkin.' It'll be dark in a little while, an' we must be on the move."

"D'ye mean to pull up stakes?" asked Peter.

"What—an' run?"

"Yes."

"Why, bless yer good old red face, that yer would be jist the worst thing we could possibly do. No. We'll stay whar we be; only move things into shape."

"Then you think we'll be attacked," said Eastwood.

"Why, in course we will," replied Paul. "Them redskins mean to make a grand pull. They calkilate to rob us of jes' about everything we've got."

"And kill us, too, I suppose," suggested Peter.

"Wal," responded the trapper, in a very emphatic sort of way, "I never heer'd tell of an Osage that wouldn't kill a white man when he could git a chance; an' ef they don't mean to kill us, an' carry off our scalps to boot, then it's because they've forgot what knives was made for. I hope you aint afeared of Injuns."

This last remark touched Peter in a tender spot, and he straightway declared that he should consider it a very nice little adventure to have a brush with the rascals.

There may have been a touch of the bravado in this, but still I knew very well that Peter Hines was not the man to shrink from any duty; and I bade Paul consider us all as ready for any work that was to be done. Dick and Haskett both sustained me in the assurance I had given to our guide; and furthermore remarked, that though they had not come out into the wilderness to fight Indians, yet they should not shrink from striking any blow, or meeting any foe, while there was danger to be overcome. As for Samp, he really seemed to like the idea of the coming of the redskins. He had imbibed this spirit in a measure from his master; and, moreover, he had some revenge to gratify. In fact, he seemed to regard Redwing as a sort of invulnerable shield, perfectly Indian-proof, under cover of which he could pepper his old foes with impunity.

By the time it was fairly dark we all understood our situation. We knew that there was a war-party of the Osages at no great distance; and we had every reason to believe that they meant to attack us for the purpose of murder and robbery. Our first movement, after the fire went out, was to prepare our weapons. We each had a rifle, a double-barrelled fowling-piece; a brace of pistols; and good knives. The fowling-pieces were loaded with the heaviest kind of buck-shot, and we calculated that they would do wonderful execution among a close body of men. After this we rolled up our blankets and lay them around in just about the positions we should have occupied in sleeping.

"Now," said Paul, "we must have a guard for 'em to look at. They know 'at we keep a sentinel posted, an' they'll look for him the fust thing. I'll fix one up for 'em."

Among the stuff which we had cut for fire-wood was just the thing we needed. It was a a large limb, from a maple tree, nearly six feet long, branching off, about midway, into two equal prongs, just right to represent the legs of a man. This was rigged up with coat and pants and hat, stuffed to respectable proportions with odds and ends of old blankets which had been used for packing, and then set aside for use. The horses and mules we moved nearer together, shortening their trail-ropes to the length of mere halters, and taking care that they should be out of the way of what we supposed might be the range of chance bullets.

Upon the edge of the camp, close by the river, and not over four rods from the place where the fire had been built, was a copse of dwarf oak, very much like the "black-jack" of the prairies; and here we determined to take up our position. Paul was sure the Indians would come from the opposite direction, so this grove would afford us just the cover we needed. As soon as our other preparations had been made, our "wooden man" was set up at a respectful distance from the tent, in about the position a sentinel would naturally have been posted, and so propped up by a stout stick that it had the appearance of a veritable "human" leaning upon his rifle. Samp then raked open the embers of his fire, to let them smoke and die out as they would, after which we crept carefully into the copse-wood, one at a time, with our weapons in sure order, where we felt that we were ready for the foe.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

MISFORTUNES are moral bitters, which frequently restore the healthy tone of the mind after it has been cloyed and sickened by the sweets of prosperity.

DARKEST NEAREST DAWN.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

"Look in the other pocket, dear. Perhaps you put it there by mistake."

And the young wife turned towards her husband a face whose sudden whiteness belied her hopeful words.

"It's no use, Maria, I tell you it is gone!" cried the young man, in tones of despair; "*gone*, and the Lord only knows what is to become of us."

"What is the case, sir?" asked one of the several gentlemen who left their seats to gather round the distressed family, consisting of the parents and two very noble and beautiful little ones, a boy and a girl.

"I have been robbed of all the money that I have on earth," replied the young man, his lips quivering and his teeth fairly chattering in his head. "And I am bound for Iowa with my family. We have none to help us; we shall starve, or *these* will, before I can earn anything for them."

"Oh, not so bad as that, my man," quoth a venerable gentleman, with a long beard and a gold-headed cane; "not so bad as that; you must not so easily lose your courage."

At this the pretty, weeping wife looked up, and said with earnestness:

"If you only knew one-half that he has come through, you would not wonder that this last misfortune is the drop too much," and leaning her head on her poor husband's shoulder, she sobbed afresh.

"I would like to hold you on my lap, my boy, may I have that pleasure?" asked the old man of the little boy.

"Yeth thir," was the frank assent, and the little fellow sat quietly where he was placed, while Jenny looked with smiles up into the benign face beside her.

"You must excuse me, sir," the old man said, addressing the husband and father, but I feel very much like taking liberties. Will you be so good as so relate so much as you may choose of your history? I feel strangely curious to hear it."

There was sympathy in every act and every tone of the old man, and the sore heart of the troubled young man was very thankful to unburden itself.

His name was George Howard, he said, that is, this was the only name he knew anything about, for he was a foundling taken from the cold stone floor of a hall in a public building one cold autumn morning. He was then about two years old, had been drugged and left there to perish, or to be picked up, as the case might be. A kind gentleman had found him, and for six or eight years he was well cared for, and happy. Then his friend died, and he found himself cast out on the mercy of strangers. He was taken into a family where they were not over kind to their *own* children—to *him* they had denied every pleasure and every advantage. He could not obtain time to go to school, but had managed to get candles and to study at night. Thus he mastered book-keeping and some other things, and at eighteen years of age had obtained a good place in a store. At twenty he had fallen in love with a sweet and worthy girl, and after two more years of toil, in spite of the opposition of her proud relatives, he had married her. This was a mistake, he supposed, at least everybody seemed to consider it so. They ought to have waited. But his salary was quite sufficient to live on, and what more did they need? They were very happy; but alas! there came a change. A bank exploded somewhere; then another and another; then the merchants began to shake, and like a row of bricks standing near together, when the first one gets a blow, down they all fell, and his employers among them.

There was no getting a situation. Hundreds of clerks, and many merchants, also, were out of business. George determined to go West. Then he met with many misfortunes; he was a long time sick, he was several times cheated, and once burned out; all that he took out with him was soon gone.

What made the trouble so bad was the fact that his family were with his wife's relatives, and he knew very well how they all talked to her; he knew how hard it was for her high and true heart to bear to hear him blamed for everything, and undervalued and contemned. So he had striven, and earned and borrowed money enough to go for his family, and they had started for a home in the great west, and now this blow had fallen upon them, and it was too much.

"I am now without a dollar in the world," concluded George, and the poor fellow let his head sink on his breast, and two tears fell from his great, sad eyes.

"Cheer up, my man," said the stranger "you know 'tis an old saying that the darkest hour is just before the dawn. And if a man *ever* trusts and hopes in God, it should be when he *most needs to*. And you are in that place now."

"Yes; I think I am," returned George gloomily. "And it is very hard. I had hoped that our *worst* troubles were over."

"Well, *I* think that they *are*," said their companion, smiling. "Here, Mr. Conductor, (for that functionary at this moment paused beside our group,) I pay for three—you don't charge anything for my children, you know."

"It is exceedingly kind of you, sir," said George; "but, but—you must give us your name and address, that we may know where to send the money when we become able to return it."

"You will have no difficulty as to returning it my man, as I reside in the same town to which you are bound. My name is Appleton, every body in —— knows me."

Little Josy, who had been looking intently at the stranger, here exclaimed: "You looks like mine papa."

"The child is right," said his mother. "If you will excuse my saying it, sir, there never was father and son looked more alike than do you and my husband."

The gentleman was visibly agitated. For a moment he made no reply; then said:

"I lost my only son when he was two years of age. He was stolen away, and we could never find him.

"Now, young man, I do not say that you are really my stolen son. There is, perhaps, no reasonable proof that you are. But the time and manner of your discovery would seem to suggest that it *may be* so. My heart yearns over you as it never has yearned over any living creature since my boy disappeared. I have never been blessed with another child. I will take you all with me to my home, if you are willing to go with the old stranger."

Was not the darkest hour nearest the dawn?

George and his family went with the old man to his home—his large, palatial home, no longer solitary as it had been. The moment Mrs. Appleton's eyes fell upon George she clasped her hands and gazed as one in a trance—gazed long and earnestly, and then suddenly, as one who had made up her mind to shut out all doubts, she fell upon his neck and cried, "My son! O my long-lost son!"

George's dark days *were* over, and his morning *had* risen.

JENNY WAYNE.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

By the margin of a river,
  Whose bright waters pour
In soft cadence endless music
  On the pebbly shore,
In a rose-embowered cottage
  My heart's queen doth reign,
Hope and sunshine ever with her—
  Happy Jenny Wayne.

As she wanders in the valley
  Wild birds cease their song
In despair at her sweet warbling
  While she trips along,
And the lilies in her pathway
  Bow their heads in pain
As they look upon their rival—
  Peerless Jenny Wayne.

Oh, her life is cloudless ever
  In her humble home!
For contentment, health and goodness
  Dwell beneath its dome.
Many are the lads who love her—
  Love her all in vain,
But *I* know who owns the heart of
  Darling Jenny Wayne.

THE TALK OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Who went to the door just now?" demanded a young lady, entering the parlor with a quick step, and showing considerable excitement of manner.

"I did," was answered by a girl of fifteen, with the air of one half conscious of a wrong.

"You did? So I imagined! What on earth possesses you to run to the door every time the bell rings, Emily? Servants answer bells, not young ladies. Pray let us have an end of this. We'll be the talk of the whole neighborhood."

"I can't see any particular harm in opening the door for a visitor," was answered.

"Harm! It's vulgar. People will think we don't keep servants."

"I can't see what business other people have with the arrangement of our family," said the younger sister, speaking more resolutely. "Suppose we didn't keep any servants. That would be our own affair."

"Emily!" The elder sister spoke imperatively. "You must not go to the door when the bell rings. That's Ellen's place. She's hired for the purpose. You'll be taken for a hired girl. Can't you understand?"

Now that argument had its influence. To be taken for a hired girl! Emily was silenced.

"I'm out of all patience with her," said the elder sister, entering the room where her father and mother were sitting, a few moments afterwards. She seemed particularly annoyed.

"With whom, Kate?" asked the mother.

"Why, with Emily. She will persist in going to the door when the bell rings, just as though we hadn't three servants in the house."

The father, a care-worn looking man, who sat reading the morning paper, let the sheet fall upon his knees, and turned his eyes upon Emily. His brows contracted a little, and with a painful expression, while his thin lips shut themselves closer. He made no remark, however, though it was plain that his sympathies were not with his daughter Kate.

"I wish you'd speak to her about it," added the young lady, still addressing her mother. "We shall be the talk of the whole neighborhood."

If the ear and heart of Kate Hamilton had been open in the right direction, she would have heard the sigh that came faintly breathing through her father's lips. If her eyes had been observant, she would have seen the deeper shade that fell over his countenance. His thought had gone back over many years, to the time when his wife kept not even a single servant, and when she opened her own door to every one who chanced to call—to a time when his heart, free from oppressive cares and humiliating embarrassments, beat rhythmically in his bosom, and his lips answered to his heart in song. There was no fine rhythm in his pulses now, and long ago music had died upon his lips.

"I don't see any harm in it," replied Mrs. Hamilton. "If Emily choses to open the door, and thus save Ellen a few steps, why should it trouble you so seriously?"

"I don't want my sister to put herself on a level with servants; at least, not in the face of the whole neighborhood," retorted Kate, with an air of conscious self-importance.

Mr. Hamilton threw his newspaper on the centre-table, and rising, left the room without a remark. While drawing on his overcoat in the hall, preparatory to going forth on the day's dreaded business, Emily came out of the parlor, and placing her hand upon him in a fond, familiar way, said:

"What harm is there in my going to the door when the bell rings?"

"None, dear, that I can see," replied Mr. Hamilton.

"Kate thinks it dreadful."

"Does she?"

"Yes, and says if I go to the door, we'll be the talk of the whole neighborhood."

"If the neighborhood finds nothing more serious to talk about, Emily, no injury will be done. But why are you so anxious about going to the door when the bell rings?"

"I'm not anxious about it, father," replied the girl. "Just now I went to the door because I happened to be in the parlor, while Ellen was in the third story. What would have been the use of bringing her all the way down stairs, when I could step to the door in a moment?"

"True enough," said Mr. Hamilton. "What would have been the use of it?"

"Then," added Emily, "it takes a long time to get to the door when Ellen happens to be at work up stairs, and persons who ring have to wait. I can't sit still in the parlor, if I am there, until a servant comes. I must go to the door. As to the harm, I am too dull to see it."

"And I hope you'll always remain too dull," answered her father. As he said this the bell rang loudly. Some one had given it a vigorous jerk.

"Shall I open the door?" Emily was already on tip-toe.

"Certainly."

She came back with a letter. Mr. Hamilton took it from her hand, and broke the seal in evident nervousness. Letters left for him at his dwelling had come to be, in most cases, unpleasant visitors.

An exclamation of surprise and pain fell from the lips of Mr. Hamilton, as his eyes glanced over the long, narrow slip of paper which the envelope had covered. Then he refolded the paper, and thrust it into his pocket in a half desperate, half despairing way.

"What is it, father?" Emily drew her hands through his arm, and looked up anxiously into his face.

"Nothing that you can help, dear," replied the father, endeavoring to rally himself, and assume an indifference which he did not feel. Then he kissed her, and went hastily out, to flounder through the day's dreaded business. We say "flounder through," for Mr. Hamilton was in embarrassed circumstances. In the morning, when he went forth to business, it was not often that he knew where the money to meet the day's payments was to come from, and usually one-third of his time was spent in borrowing, or seeking discounts. The bill just received was from a jeweller, to whom he had given his two oldest daughters, Isabel and Kate, permission to go for a few articles, and they had, in the course of six months, run up an account of nearly two hundred dollars. No wonder that its receipt by Mr. Hamilton occasioned an ejaculation of surprise and pain. What hope was there of release from embarrassment, under the steadily accumulating pressure of debts like this? It was only on the day before that a dry goods bill of three hundred dollars had given him a shock, from which his nerves yet had a low, sickening quiver. Like a man struggling in deep water, he felt that even the smallest additional burden laid upon his shoulders must bear him under.

"What are you doing here, with the windows stretched wide open?" interrogated Kate, half an hour after her father went out. She had come into the parlor, where Emily was moving about briskly, with a duster in her hand. Comprehending at a glance the work in which her sister was engaged, Kate's first movement was to draw down the sashes and close the curtains. Then, with considerable asperity of tone, she said:

"Are you going crazy? Who told you to dust the parlor?"

Emily's face grew warm, and she answered, with some spirit, as she crossed the room and drew back the curtains which her sister had closed:

"Pray cease your interference with me, Kate. It isn't agreeable. If I choose to dust the parlors or sweep off the pavements, I shall not pause to ask your permission."

"Do you wish to pass for a servant?" Kate had moved back instinctively as the curtains were swept broadly aside by Emily, so that she might not be seen from the street, and now stood in the hall.

"Are none but servants usefully employed?" asked Emily, in response.

"Oh, dear! You are incorrigible! We shall be the talk of the whole neighborhood before long! What has possessed you? Do come out of the parlor, and let Ellen dust and put things to rights." Kate spoke in a weak, troubled, and complaining voice. The resolute manner of her sister was disheartening.

"Ellen has enough to do up stairs," was Emily's reply, as she turned from her sister and went on with the work of dusting and rubbing the furniture, the exercise of which sent the blood in beauty to her cheeks. Hopeless of influencing the wilful girl, Kate was on her way up stairs with the purpose of appealing to her mother, when she heard the bell ring. The sound arrested her steps. Would Emily go to the door? Scarcely had the question formed itself in her thought, when she saw Emily emerge from the parlor, duster in hand.

"Emily!" she called, in a low, warning voice.

But Emily, giving no heed to her sister, opened the door. A rough man, with cold, hard features, looked steadily into her face for a moment or two, and then drawing from his pocket a folded paper, said:

"Be sure that you give this to Mr. Hamilton."

Something in his look and tone chilled her. She felt that, in some way unknown to her, this man had an evil power over her father.

"What is it?" she asked, as the color left her cheeks.

"It is a summons," answered the man.

"A summons!" and she stepped back, shutting the door almost in his face.

"Who was it?" asked Kate, calling down from her position on the stairs.

"A man to see father," replied Emily, as she glided into the parlor, where she sat down, trembling. Kate went up stairs to remonstrate with her mother against the right of Emily to compromise the family dignity, while Emily unfolded the paper just received at the door, and sought to explore its meaning. It was an ordinary sheriff's writ, or summons, giving legal notification that an action for debt had been commenced against Mr. Hamilton by some creditor whose patience was exhausted; but poor Emily explored its written and printed sentences, and its mystic phraseology, for some clear meaning, in vain.

"We shall be the talk of the whole neighborhood, mother." These words, spoken on the stairs, and accompanied by the sound of feet, caused Emily to rise and thrust the summons into her pocket. As she did so, her mother and Kate appeared at the door.

"There is no need of your doing this," said Mrs. Hamilton, kindly. "Ellen will soon be done in the chambers. But what is the matter, dear?" The mother's voice changed, for she saw that Emily's face was pale and troubled.

Emily, not yet clear in her own mind as to what was best to be done in regard to the summons, evaded the question of her mother, and turning aside commenced rubbing the piano, saying, as she did so:

"I like the exercise. It's good for me."

Now, that was a reason against which Mrs. Hamilton had not a word to say.

"You'd better wash and iron," said Kate, with asperity, "if exercise is what you want."

Emily did not reply, but went on rubbing and dusting the piano,

"I wouldn't go to the door," suggested Mrs. Hamilton. "That is Ellen's duty. She's hired for the purpose. And your going so often annoys your sisters. They don't regard it as genteel. People are so observant, and we must act with some regard to public sentiment."

"This was left at the door just now," said Emily, acting from the moment's impulse, as she drew the summons from her pocket, and handed it to her mother.

Mrs. Hamilton unfolded the paper in a hurried manner, and turned pale as she glanced at the contents.

"What is it?" asked Kate.

"Something for your father," replied Mrs. Hamilton, in a subdued voice, as she went from the room. Kate stood a few moments, and then followed, leaving Emily without further interference.

Two hours later in the day, Kate and her sister Isabel, two showy girls, draped in a costly and attractive manner, went forth to exhibit themselves and win admiration. They did not fail to win attention; as to the admiration, we cannot speak with assurance. After promenading for an hour, they stepped into the store of a jeweller—the same who had, on that very morning, furnished their father with a long bill. Heretofore the jeweller had been exceedingly polite, and anxious to have them purchase; but he seemed rather indifferent on this occasion, and displayed his goods, as asked for, in almost total silence. Both Kate and her sister felt this change; but not the remotest suspicion of the cause entered their mind.

"Isn't this elegant?" said Kate, taking up an opal ring.

"Beautiful," replied Isabel.

"What is the price?" asked Kate.

"Twenty dollars," answered the jeweller, reaching out his hand to take the ring. But Kate slipped it on her finger, and gazed, almost like one fascinated, into the flame that quivered in the heart of the gem.

"I must have an opal," she said. "And this is such a beauty. Twenty dollars?"

"That is the price, Miss," answered the jeweller, but so coldly that Kate looked up into his face.

"It's a very fine stone."

"Yes, Miss, for a small opal, one of the finest I have seen."

"Charge it to father," said Kate. But the jeweller answered:

"Hadn't you better ask your father before buying so costly a ring."

"Ask my father?" Blood came reddening into Kate's face.

The jeweller bowed, gravely, and held out his hand for the opal, which, hurriedly drawing from her finger, Kate restored to his possession. Another customer entering at the moment, the jeweller turned from the two surprised young ladies, who left the store hastily.

"He acted very strangely," said Kate, as they passed to the street. "I wonder what he meant?"

"Can father have been saying anything to him?"

"Of course not. He wouldn't disgrace himself and us in that way. It was downright insulting! Mr. K—— will see no more of our money."

"Indeed he will not! I never was so mortified in my life!"

So the sisters talked over the humiliating incident, which the reader understands better than they did. After walking a few squares, they went into a dry goods store, where they were in the habit of making purchases. Here each selected an elegant, new style, silk dress, and ordered it sent to the mantuamaker's.

"Wait a moment," said the polite clerk, who had shown them the goods; and he stepped across the store to where one of the proprietors was standing. Their experience at the jeweller's made the two young ladies feel a little dashed and nervous at this movement, and their eyes followed the clerk, and took note of the knitted brows and earnest manner of his principal. In a little while the clerk came back, and with a smile that was evidently enforced, and an embarrassment of manner which could not be hidden, said:

"We should prefer not cutting these goods for you to-day, if you will excuse us."

"Oh, just as you like!" Kate tossed her head a little proudly; but the arrow had gone to her heart. A few minutes the sisters lingered, and then, with a crest-fallen air that could not be vailed over, went quietly from the store.

This shock considerably agitated their nerves, and led them to seek refuge and refreshment in a ladies' restaurant. As they entered one of the rooms, they noticed a party of three young ladies at a table, who eyed them closely. From this room they passed into one adjoining, and seated themselves at the extreme end; but not liking the position, came back to a table near the entrance, across which a Venitian screen was placed. This brought them very close to the party of young ladies we have mentioned, and within hearing distance, though concealed from them.

"They're the talk of the whole neighborhood." Scarcely were they seated before this sentence pricked their ears.

"On what occount?" was asked.

"Oh, on various accounts; mainly for their silly pride and flaunting airs. You saw how they were over-dressed, and how queenly they tried to walk—as if the ground they trod on was scarcely good enough for their dainty feet."

"Yes—I noticed that. But, I suppose their father has a deep purse, and wealth turns the heads of some people."

"There lies the poor folly of the whole thing," answered the other speaker. "So far from being a rich man, their father is over head and ears in debt, and worried half out of his life to make his payments and keep above water. My brother knows all about his business affairs, and says it's a disgrace for his daughters to add the heavy burden they must be adding to the bent shoulders of so kind-hearted a man. Proud, idle, good-for-nothings, he calls them. He took a fancy to one of them; but soon comprehending her quality, turned away in disgust. The family is in debt everywhere. Our dressmaker told me last week that they owe her nearly sixty dollars, and that she has sent for the money over and over again. And I know they have a large unpaid bill at a jeweller's. The grocer and provision dealer in our neighborhood both say that it is almost impossible to get an account settled. And yet these idle girls sweep about in rich attire, as though they were the daughters of a prince."

"I don't wonder they are the talk of the neighborhood," was replied to this.

"And they keep three servants, forsooth," went on the other. "The neighbors think it would be more creditable for them to keep but one—and honester into the bargain."

"How many sisters are there?"

"Three."

"All alike?"

"No. The youngest is wholly different from the two you saw just now. She's a sensible girl, and worth a score of her good-for-nothing sisters. But, here are our oysters—a more interesting subject for discussion."

And the conversation ceased.

The talk of the whole neighborhood! Even so! Full two weeks passed before Kate and her sister were again seen abroad, and then so great was the change in their attire and manner, that many people who knew them questioned each other as to its meaning. During these two weeks other scales had dropped from their eyes. So stern was the pressure of embarrassment upon their father, that he had been forced to yield and ask relief from creditors, and all men knew him as a broken merchant.

Necessity cannot stand to parley with circumstances—it does not give place to pride. Mr. Hamilton, swept to the wall, was compelled to demand of his family a different style of living. Three servants gave place to one; and idle daughters had, under constraint, to assume their places, and become the talk of the neighborhood. To them the fact involved deep humiliation. But, how did the neighbors talk? In many ways; yet, chiefly, in tenor like this:

"I didn't think it was in them." So a lady opposite remarked to a friend who lived next door.

"Nor I," was answered. "Kate, in particular, had such a proud, dashing air, and was so vain and idle, that I never could have believed it possible for her to make a sensible woman. But, she has promptly accommodated herself to her father's changed circumstances. They've sent away all their servants, I am told."

"All but the cook."

"And the girls do the housework?"

"Yes."

"A fact more creditable to them than idle dependence on their father."

"A thousand times more creditable. Do you know, I've felt an utter contempt for these girls? But now respect comes involuntarily."

"Just what Mrs. Lee said to me this morning."

"Misfortune is the only means of salvation for some people."

"It is the only thing," replied the neighbor, "that would have saved the daughters of Mr. Hamilton. I've never called upon them, but shall do so now."

So the neighbors talked, as neighbors, who are very apt to look past the outward seeming to the real character, will talk. Pride and pretence cannot hang up a vail thick enough to conceal the truth; and mock gentility is sure to be detected and despised.

A LOST JEWEL.

Seth Allen, having graduated with the highest honors of his college class, and won the consent of Lisette May to become his wife, came to New York to take fame and fortune by storm with the aid of his brilliant college reputation and sundry college poems, essays and such like stuff. He soon found his level, in a subordinate position in a large publishing establishment.

He began low, and won his way, by his increasing adaptability, to a high position. But it was a long and an arduous struggle, on small means, and with the most exhausting labor. The marriage day seemed ever to recede, until he began to look upon it as almost hopeless.

By this time his sphere was so far removed from that of Lisette that she no longer influenced him. Seth Allen had the *entrée* to the very highest circles of the metropolis—the *élite* of intelligence and culture. Here he met ladies whose conversation and social prestige quite eclipsed the simpler gifts of poor Lisette. Alas, for her gentle heart, forsaken and despised!

With Lisette, the one fixed idea of years had been her marriage with her early lover. She had borne much neglect, with ready excuses; she loved him singly and purely, and had never doubted. And so when he wrote that cold selfish letter, which was evidently intended to be so candid and so rational in all its details, in which he acknowleged that he no longer loved her as he once did, but was ready to fulfil his engagement, because his honor was pledged, although the shock of it well nigh killed her, she was disenchanted. There was a night of tears and desperate heart-break; a morning that brought wiser thoughts with much womanly pride, that dictated the words that alone he deserved, "You are free," and helped her to collect, with untrembling hands, every memento of his dead love to be returned with that fateful missive.

A great shadow fell on her life, but few observed it. And after a very long time, it passed away, leaving only a tender, reproachful memory of the youth she had loved, and working entire forgetfulness of the man who had injured her.

Years passed away, a score of them, after this time of parting. Seth Allen had long been a very famous man. Men spoke his name with a sort of awe, so high was he lifted up above the masses of his kind. Then, at the very acme of his fame, disease smote him fearfully. Not in that wasting, burning form in which death soon comes and welcomely to close the scene of suffering, but in that insidious sapping of the springs of life, that loss of mental and bodily vigor, that is too apt to follow a life of intense and incessant brain labor, such as Seth's had been. So smitten, and beyond the medicaments of the pharmacopia, Seth was forced to yield to the mandates of his physicians, and seek rest and absolute quiet.

He was homeless and without ties. It was but natural that he should find his thoughts even turning toward the woman he had so long forgotten, the woman who he once hoped would have created a home for him, and bound all his life and energies in the sweet influences of her love.

He had nothing to do, he was able to do nothing, he was permitted to do nothing, at least in his favorite pursuits. And that was the reason, probably, why he bethought himself of a quiet journey to the long deserted scenes of his collegiate labors and successes.

If he did think of Lisette at all, and I do not doubt he did, it was as the same sweet, patient, simple girl who had given him all her heart and waited for him in good faith so long. He was a famous man, now, and had become accustomed to enthusiastic welcomes. Why should he doubt such a welcome from this country girl, whom he could not think of as aught but a young creature, but whom he knew must be far on the shady side of life. Perhaps she would——.

But there he always paused. Did he mean that perhaps he had but to ask, and be received back gratefully to his old position in her regard, to renew with the calmness of advancing years a chilly similitude of the vows of youth, and thus to secure a valuable and most devoted nurse and housekeeper? Very likely he did, but he was a man, a famous man, a man whom long adulation had persuaded of his own overwhelming merits, and whom sickness had made more intensely selfish than was usual even to an extremely self-conscious habit of mind.

He went down at commencement time. He did not see Lisette until the small effervescence of the season had quite subsided. He asked no questions about her, for he had not come in contact with any old friends in whom he liked to recall memories of the past. But he called at the homely cottage, where she still resided with her mother, (that much he had learned from the stranger host of the hotel where he had his room,) on the morning following the close of the commencement exercises, sure that he should then find her at home.

Nor was he mistaken. He was shown into a small room, a sort of study, as books and manuscripts scattered round fully indicated, and waited long, conscious all the time of a bustle, like the notes of preparation for some approaching event, but which he naturally ascribed to the departure of guests, or something similarly connected with the season.

Lisette came to him at last. A handsome, rather imposing lady, past middle age, but wearing well. A slight flush tinged the cheek that was still fair and round, and that was all the sign of embarrassment that she betrayed. Not so Seth Allen. He stammered, and stood before his ancient love abashed. She was so different from that which he had expected! He felt sorry that he had lost her; he felt, for the first time, the meanness of his conduct. He began to doubt if he should win her back.

In half an hour he went away with his mind fully settled on that point. He had not only been rejected, but he carried in his pocket, tied together with the emblematical white ribband, the cards of Lisette and the Reverend Dr. ——, president of the college, to whom she was that evening to be united.

He had promised to stay for the wedding, and Lisette had shown him that a true friendship might be reared above the ruins of their long extinct love. But when the time came, he had not the courage to see her united to another, and the next morning he left the town, never to return. The remainder of his life was spent in the cold solitude that he had chosen in his younger years; but each year it became more irksome, and each convinced him that all his fame, and all his honors, could not compensate him for the jewel of domestic joy which, when he held it in his reach, he had deliberately cast from him forever.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

A HEAD equal to the greatest events, and a heart superior to the strongest temptations, are qualities which may be possessed so secretly that a man's next-door neighbor shall not discover them, until some unforeseen occasion calls them forth.

NO general can presume to say that he may not be defeated, but he can and should say that he will not be surprised. A general has often accomplished more by the march than the musket.

IF a woman scorns you, don't keep her picture as a thing to sigh and weep over. Sooner throw it on the floor and replenish the exchequer of your pride and self-respect by enacting a stamp act.

EDUCATION is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.

IF you undertake to do a kindness, don't disgust by your manner of doing it. If a person drops a handkerchief, don't present it to him with a pair of tongs.

WE go to the grave of a friend, saying, "A man is dead;" but angels throng about him, saying, "A man is born."

SOME people's sensibility is a mere bundle of aversions, and their memory a row of hooks to hang grudges on.

WHEN we *read*, we fancy we could be martyrs; when we come to *act*, we can scarcely bear a provoking word.

POETS are not made to love beautiful faces alone; they should find beautiful faces where God has hidden them—should lift the vails of the beautiful.

THERE are many whose great energies run to waste. There are enough rapids and whirlpools and cataracts in the streams of their lives, but no mill-dams.

STAND still rather than proceed by trespassing on your neighbor. Overcome a difficulty rather than avoid it by breaking down a fence.

WONDERFUL is the advent of the spring—the great yearly miracle of the blossoming of Aaron's rod, repeated on myriads of branches.

WE carry our worst enemies in our own hearts. Adam fell in Paradise, and Lucifer in Heaven, while Lot continued righteous in Sodom.

THE only disinterested action misers and hypocrites can boast of, is that of serving the devil without receiving his wages.

To be honest *with* success requires far more talent than to be a rogue; to be honest *without* success requires far more magnanimity.

IF care and pains are so disagreeable, why are we so often advised to take both?

SOME men never tell the truth when they are sober; they are always either drinking or lying.

THE kiss, with which a girl seeks to catch her beau, is a fishing-smack.

COQUETTES are the Zouaves in the female army of invasion.

HE must be a great coward who is afraid of posterity—afraid of men that are not born.

THE man who brews a vast number of turmoils in the community is the brewer.

IT is said that the pen is mightier than the sword. Neither is of much use without a holder.

MISSES may be wived, but oftentimes wives, even though they die, are not missed.

FUNERAL knells are only the door-bells of the other world.

TRICK is not dexterity, cunning is not skill, and mystery is not profoundness.

IN ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, wealth creates more wants than it supplies.

EVERY heart is created with a handful of seeds in it; it may become a garden of flowers.

ALL good housewives will preserve fruits if they *can*.

AN elephant is often as much a Solomon as his keeper, and a hog more of a Bacon than his feeder.

THE first apple was eaten by the first *pair*.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A SERVANT-GIRL, living with a family in Williamsburgh, left the alley gate and a rear window of her employer's house open, one night recently, so as to enable her lover to enter the dwelling and "acquire" the silver plate, with the whereabouts of which she had previously made him familiar; but he unluckily dropped some of the ware, and alarmed the master of the premises, who, being a member of the Home Guard, and up to strategy, cut off the rogue's retreat, captured him, and had him and the girl (whom he betrayed) taken to prison.

THE house of a widow lady up-town, the owner of which is in the country, was entered by burglars one night recently, by means of false keys, who set about packing up clothing and other valuable property; but a private watchman having suspected something wrong and informed the police, the latter took measures to capture the rogues, and succeeded, thereby saving the absent widow lady several hundreds of dollars' worth of wearing apparel and silver ware.

A RESPECTABLE and worthy German lady, living in Fulton avenue, Brooklyn, was lately burned so badly by the explosion of a fluid lamp which she was filling, that she died in a few hours. The fluid flew over her head, face, shoulders and bosom, and her clothes and hair taking fire, and the fluid on her face blazing at the same time, she suffered the most excrutiating agonies, that did not subside even after the flames were put out, and which were only relieved by death.

A TENEMENT-house-full of people in Lawrence street got into a difficulty about some neighborhood affair, one morning recently, when knives, clubs, pokers and tongs, and missiles of many kinds were resorted to, and the women at last joining in the skirmish, the fray became intensely exciting; but the only damage done was to one poor old man, whose bald head was slightly cracked. The police at last interfered and allayed the belligerent excitement.

A COUPLE of well-known rowdies got into a fight in a groggery one night lately, and fought over an hour in the rough-and-tumble style, at the end of which time they were separated, when each presented a most repulsive spectacle—their eyes being discolored and bleeding, their cheeks cut open, and their faces gnawed as though they had been subjected to the tender mercies of the jaws of wild beasts.

A WOMAN, thirty-six years of age, who had until recently led an unexceptionable life, but who of late had become addicted to strong drink, got drunk the other day, and while in that condition sat down in a third story window of her house, became drowsy, and fell from the window to the ground, striking against an iron railing, and injuring herself so badly that she died in a few hours.

A WEALTHY man, living in this city, allowed his hatred of a business acquaintance so to get the better of his conscience that, on a recent trial in the Supreme Court, he committed perjury to help the case of his neighbor's opponent, and got himself into prison for the crime, whence he was released only on giving heavy bail.

A NUMBER of boys were arrested by the police in the outskirts of Williamsburg, one Sunday recently, for playing ball on that day, and were fined one dollar each by the magistrate before whom they were taken. Boys must be careful how they desecrate the Sabbath in such an open and defiant manner.

A NOTORIOUS youth, who has for some time infested butchers' and hucksters' stalls in the public markets, was detected one day recently in stealing a bag containing eight hundred cents; the bulk of the coin was so great that he could not hide the money on his person, and he was sent to the Tombs.

A LITTLE boy, two years old, while leaning out of the third story window of his parents' residence, in MacDougall street, one afternoon lately, lost his balance, and falling head foremost to the sidewalk, was crushed to death.

ONE evening lately an Italian sailor was attacked at the foot of Sackett street, Brooklyn, by a couple of ruffians, without provocation, and beaten so badly that his life was despaired of. The two ruffians were arrested and sent to prison.

A CLERK in a wine and liquor store was arrested the other day, on complaint of his employer, who alleged that the accused had made away with and embezzled wines and spirits to the value of over one thousand dollars.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1861.

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WE always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue, it it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

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RUSSELL, THE SPY.

Certainly we are the most complaisant of nations. In the midst of a civil war, the issue of which must determine whether this Union shall stand or fall, we admit into our camps, forts and arsenals, conduct through our navy yards and squadrons, intrust with our plans and purposes, the emissary of a powerful European press known to be hostile to our interests—a press enjoying the confidence of a government said to be now contemplating an armed interference with the belligerent rights of the Republic in its own waters, and a formal recognition of its domestic enemies.

Such an act of insanity is unprecedented in the history of national follies. All our weak points have been politely exposed to the inspection of this foreign spy. Our government functionaries have been confidential with him. Our military officers have told him all they knew, and our naval resources and short-comings have been as an open book to him. By way of capping the climax of courtesy, we passed him over to Dixie's Land, brimful of valuable information, trusting to his *honor* for silence on all matters that a *gentleman* so situated would consider it infamy to disclose.

The result is what might have been anticipated, and what such folly deserved. Mr. Russell, the Spy of the London Times, and, indirectly, of the British Government, has lampooned us, fibbed about us and betrayed us. He has stigmatized our soldiers as cowards, declared that at the battle of Bull Run (*which he did not witness*) there was "no desperate struggle but to get away," and intimated that all our fighting arrangements are a burlesque on the art of war. He has even had the hardihood to assert that in the engagement, *from the outer edge of which he fled in advance of all other fugitives, and of which he merely saw the smoke*, there was not a single bayonet charge made, nor a battery taken, nor a close encounter of any kind. The falsehood is enormous, but no *canard* on such a subject can be too monstrous for Mr. Russell's employers. The crowning act of the spy's baseness was revealed by accident. In the valise of a secessionist, arrested when about to leave for Europe, was found a letter disclosing the fact that Mr. Russell had shown his first epistle on the Bull Run battle to a prominent disunionist before dispatching it to England. Nor was this all. It further appeared from the seized letter, that this semi-official agent of the British government had made merry over our defeat with his Southern friend, and intimated that Beauregard and Johnston "might have had Washington for the asking."

The LEDGER expressed its opinion of Mr. Russell pretty plainly soon after the republication of his first letter; but now admits that his mendacity and treachery have transcended its darkest anticipations. It is not *his* offence, however, that it would now rebuke—since he only did the dirty work for which he hired himself—but the credulity and stupidity of men in power, who petted him, endorsed him, and afforded him the opportunities of information he has so shamefully abused.

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THE RAILROAD VILLAGE.

Reasoning theoretically, one would say that railroad villages should be especially enterprising and energetic. The snorting epitome of strength and speed that hurtles through their midst four or five times a day, ought to kindle in their breasts an emulative desire to push ahead. It might occur to them, one would suppose, that when man can create out of iron a machine with the mastodon's strength and the eagle's speed, it is a disgrace to him to move about on his natural propellors at a snail's pace, with no more life in him than there is in a Zoophyte. But the speculative philosopher who imagines that a railroad must have a stimulating effect upon the little masses of humanity that dot its course, will at once abandon his theory on being confronted with that dullest and dumbest of social institutions—a small railroad village. If Lethe flowed between the rails and the villagers had nothing else wherewith to whet their whistles, they could scarcely be more deadly-lively.

The moral influence of steam, as a motor, is depressing. Hopeless of rivalling it, depressed by a sense of his own inferiority to a mere machine, humbled by the resistless might communicated by a soul of vapor to a frame of iron, man in the presence of the annihilator of time and space, seems to think that as his utmost efforts can effect so little in comparison, it is scarcely worth while to exert himself at all. Perhaps this method of accounting for the general apathy of railroad villages is incorrect; but the fact remains—they *are* apathetic.

They are not, however, incapable of excitement. On one day of every week, the railroad village puts off its indifference. Farmers flock in from the surrounding country, the resident community wakes up, pleasant anticipations sparkle in the eyes of the village maidens and matrons, and the crowd at the depôt is cheerful, not to say jolly. Need we say that this day, "marked with a white stone" in the calendar of the hamlet, is LEDGER DAY.

◆

GRANDMOTHERS.

"There is no love like a mother's," we are told; but a grandmother's love is *very* like it, and often quite as deep and strong. We put it to grand-children, of a tender age, to say who pets and indulges them most—mother or grandmother. They know in their little hearts that the latter spoils them. When there is a question of birch between Maternity and Little Pickle, Grand-Maternity steps in as intercessor. Failing to avert the rod, she commiserates the smart, and with condoling candies soothes the indignant culprit. The truth is, that as gentle-hearted women decline into the vale of years, their affection for children becomes more intense and exclusive. Grandma has folded her hands from the world. Its artificial gaieties and its compliments have lost their zest—they are "all hollow, hollow." But the natural love of childhood is dearer to her than ever. It takes her back to the days when she frolicked, a happy young mother, with the child whose children she is caressing; it reminds her as she looks forward toward the goal of her pilgrimage, that of such is the kingdom she is nearing.

Grandmothers, however, are not always properly appreciated and treated with the respect they deserve by the juvenile generation. Boys and girls of the Lacedemonian type are somewhat scarce in this republic, and the liberties taken *with*, and the advantages taken *of*, the Grand-maternal stock by the olive branches of the household, are often disgraceful to infant morals and manners. But the venerable old ladies rarely scold the delinquents. On the contrary, they laugh at the tricks played at their expense, and are patient and forbearing under provocations that mothers would be apt to requite with a stinging rebuke. Beautiful is the love of grandmothers!

◆

LADIES IN LIMBO.

The government at Washington, finding that rebel ladies are accumulating on its hands, has provided a special prison for their safe-keeping. Some of the fair traitors, who converted their trunks into masked-batteries of small arms, sewed plans of our fortifications into their corsets, and insinuated contraband correspondence into the folds of garments supposed to be sacred from intrusion, have actually been put in a penitentiary fitted up for their exclusive accommodation. Of course, they are not in durance *vile*. Pretty birds are rarely placed in rude cages, and it is to be presumed that the carrier doves, who were found to be such efficient substitutes for the discontinued Southern mails, beat their wings against gilded wires. But they are in limbo, and the vigilance of certain New York detectives, now employed in the service of the government, is rapidly adding to their number. They are indignant at their incarceration it is said. "The *idea*," they say, "of the wives of ex-senators, and ex-members of the House of Representatives being put in jail! What is civilization, chivalry, gallantry coming to?" It *is* distressing. Some of the lovely conspirators belong to the F. F. V.'s. Only think of these precious specimens of human porcelain being debarred of their liberty for such a trifle as treason. What more could be done to creatures of ordinary clay, with no "gentle blood" in their veins, who had stolen bread to save their plebeian families from starving?

◆

THE FIGHTING POWER.

Everything in the world that has life ranks according to its fighting power. The lion is the king of beasts because it can outfight all beasts, and man is master of the world because he can beat the lion; England and France take the lead in Europe because they can bring to bear, on land and sea, a fighting force that united Europe cannot resist. The same law applies to newspapers, all of which rank exactly in accordance with their ability to injure, surpass and tire out their rivals. The man in any nation whose sum-total of force exceeds that of any other man in it, is on the road to the kingship of that country, and would assuredly reach it if life were long enough. We see the operation of the same law even in the religious world. It is the warring sect that wins adherents; the sect that keeps assailing the doctrines and usages of others, and re-asserting and fortifying its own; the sect that is full of vigor, daring and enterprize. There are many ways of fighting beside the conflict of arms; but the law is universal, that all things and all men are to be finally measured by the power they have to fight. When bloody war has forever ceased under the sun, this will remain true; for, as civilization advances, life is still a battle, only it is fought with more refined weapons, in a nobler spirit, and with fewer foul blows.

◆

A DECENT TURK.

Sultan Abdul-Assiz, the new grand seignor, is a much better man than Sultan Abdul, his immediate predecessor. The new monarch has done three excellent things. He has sent to the right about a rascally vizier, opened the doors of the Zezana and let the ladies loose to choose husbands for themselves, and sent all his late papa's jewelry to the auctioneer's, the proceeds to be appropriated to the liquidation of state debts. Moreover, instead of immuring the heir apparent in a harem, and thereby making an effeminate wretch of him, he has introduced the youth at court, and taken measures to make a man of him. Improvement travels eastward as well as westward, and there is some hope yet of the "sick man" of the Old World. If Abdul-Assiz would only turn Christian, use razors, wear a hat instead of a fez, give up squatting, tailor fashion, on a soft cushion, and stop smoking hookahs, he would be quite a respectable person for a despot. As it is he occupies a much more elevated, moral and social platform than our fellow-citizens, Brother Brigham Young and the worshipful community polygamous Latter Day Saints at Salt Lake.

◆

A POOR AGENT FOR THE GOVERNMENT.

Secretary Cameron employs Mr. John Tucker, of Philadelphia, to buy and charter ships for the War Department. If all the business of that department is done as Mr. Tucker does his, a good deal of the money which the people are so generously and patriotically contributing is foolishly expended. Some time since, Commodore Vanderbilt offered to the Government his magnificent steamship "Vanderbilt" as a present, or, if the Government preferred to pay for her, at its own valuation. Both the War and Navy Departments neglected to avail themselves of this most liberal offer; but, while it was pending, John Tucker came to the city and chartered the Vanderbilt to go down to Fort Pickens, and for the use of the vessel for only that single trip, paid *over one hundred thousand dollars!* No wonder that Mr. Tucker failed in his own business, if he conducted it as he does that of the Government.

◆

To improve a man is to liberalize and enlarge him in thought, feeling, and purpose.

JENA AND AUERSTADT.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

In the year 1806 England, Russia and Prussia formed a new coalition against France. Prussia commenced the campaign, by invading Saxony with an army of 200,000 men, under the command of Frederic William, the Prussian king. Alexander of Russia, with an equal army, was pressing down through the wilds of Poland, to unite in the march upon Paris. England co-operated with her invincible fleet, and with profuse expenditures from her inexhaustible treasury.

The emperor was greatly annoyed by this unprovoked attack, which thwarted all his plans for developing the industrial resources of France. He shut himself up for forty-eight hours to arrange the details of the campaign; and immediately dictated two hundred letters, all of which still remain the monument of his energy and sagacity. In six days the whole imperial guard was transported from Paris to the Rhine. They travelled by post sixty miles a day. On the 24th of September Napoleon, at midnight, entered his carriage, at the Tuileries, to join the army. His parting words to the Senate were:

"In so just a war, which we have not provoked by any act, by any pretence, the true cause of which it would be impossible to assign, and where we only take arms to defend ourselves, we depend entirely upon the support of the laws, and upon that of the people, whom circumstances call upon to give fresh proofs of their devotion and courage."

Placing himself at the head of his army, by a series of skilful manœuvres he threw his whole force into the rear of the Prussians, cutting them off from their supplies, and from all possibility of retreat. Being thus sure of victory, he wrote as follows to the king of Prussia:

"SIRE, MY BROTHER—I am in the heart of Saxony. My strength is such that your forces cannot balance the victory. But why shed so much blood? why make our subjects slay each other? I do not prize victory purchased by the lives of so many of my children. If I were just commencing my military career, and if I had any reason to fear the chances of war, this language would be wholly misplaced. Sire, your majesty will be vanquished. At present you are uninjured, and may treat with me in a manner conformable with your rank. Before a month is passed, you will treat in a different position. I am aware that in thus writing I may irritate that sensibility which naturally belongs to every sovereign. But circumstances demand that I should use no concealment. I implore your majesty to view, in this letter, nothing but the desire I have to spare the effusion of human blood. Sire, my brother, I pray God that He may have you in His worthy and holy keeping."

To this letter no reply was returned. In two days from this time the advance guard of the French met the Prussians, strongly entrenched upon the plains of Jena and Auerstadt. It was the evening of the 13th of October. The sun was just sinking with unusual brilliancy behind the western hills, when the proud array of the Prussians, more than one hundred thousand strong, appeared in sight. Three hundred pieces of artillery were concentrated in batteries, and a squadron of eighteen thousand cavalry, splendidly caparisoned and with burnished armor, were drawn up upon the plain.

Napoleon immediately took possession of the Landgrafenberg, a steep, craggy hill, which the Prussians had supposed inaccessible to artillery, and from whose summit the long lines of the Prussians, extending many leagues, could be clearly discerned. As the gloom of night settled down, the blaze of the Prussian camp fires, extending over a space of eighteen miles, illumined the scene with almost an unearthly glow.

Couriers were dispatched to hasten on the battalions of the French army. To encourage the men, Napoleon, with his own hands, labored through the night in blasting the rocks and clearing the way that he might plant a battery upon the brow of the Landgrafenberg. As brigade after brigade arrived, they took the positions assigned them by their experienced chieftain. Soult and Ney were ordered to march all night to a distant point, to cut off the retreat of the foe. Towards morning Napoleon threw himself upon the ground on the bleak hill side, to share for an hour the frigid bivouac of the soldiers.

At four o'clock he was again on horseback. A dense fog covered the plain, shrouding the sleeping host. Under cover of this darkness Napoleon ranged his troops in battle array. Enthusiastic shouts greeted him as he rode along the lines. At 6 o'clock, the fog still unbroken, the order was given to pierce the Prussian lines in every direction. For eight hours the battle raged with fury never before or since surpassed. The ground was covered with the dead; the shrieks of the wounded, trampled beneath the hoofs of charging squadrons, rose above the thunder of the battle. About 1 o'clock P. M., the Prussian general sent the following frantic dispatch to his reserve:

"Lose not a moment in advancing your yet unbroken troops. Arrange your columns so that, through their openings there may pass the still unbroken bands of the battle. Be ready to receive the charges of the enemy's cavalry, which, in the most furious manner, rides on, overwhelms and sabres the fugitives, and has driven into one confused mass the infantry, artillery and cavalry."

The Prussian reserve, twenty thousand strong, with unbroken front, now entered the field, and for a moment seemed to arrest the tide of victory. Napoleon stood at the head of the Imperial guard, which he had held in reserve as hour after hour he had watched and guided the terrible fight. A young soldier, impatient of this delay, at last, in the excess of his excitement, shouted, "Forward! Forward!" Napoleon turned sternly to him and said:

"How now! What beardless boy is this, who ventures to counsel his Emperor. Let him wait till he has commanded in thirty pitched battles before he proffers his advice."

It was now 4 o'clock. The decisive moment had arrived. Murat, at the head of twelve thousand horsemen; fresh, and in perfect array, swept down upon the plain, as with earthquake roar, charging the bewildered, exhausted, bleeding host, and, in a few moments the work was done; the Prussian army was destroyed. Like an inundation the fugitives rushed from the field, ploughed by the batteries of Napoleon, and trampled beneath the tread of his resistless cavalry.

While this scene was transpiring on the plains of Jena, another division of the Prussian army was encountering a similar disaster on the field of Auerstadt, twelve miles distant. As the fugitives of both armies were driven together in their flight, in confusion and dismay unparalleled, horsemen, footmen, wagons and artillery in densest and wildest entanglement, there was rained down upon them the most terrible storm of balls, bullets and shells.

Night at length came. But it brought no relief to the vanquished. The pitiless pursuit was uninterrupted. In whatever direction the shattered columns fled, they were met by the troops which Napoleon had sent anticipating the movement. The king himself narrowly escaped capture during the rout of that terrible night. Accompanied by a few companions on horseback, he leaped hedges and fences, and plunged through fields and forests, until he reached a place of safety. The Prussians lost in this one disastrous fight twenty thousand in killed and wounded, while twenty thousand more were taken prisoners.

No military chieftain has ever manifested so much skill in following up a victory as Napoleon. In less than fourteen days every remnant of the Prussian army was taken, and all the fortresses of Prussia were in the hands of the French. The king, a woe-stricken fugitive, driven from his realms, fled for refuge to the army of Alexander. Never before in the history of the world was so formidable a power so speedily and utterly annihilated.

But one month had now elapsed since Napoleon left Paris. An army of two hundred thousand men, in thorough discipline and drill, had, in that time, been either killed, taken prisoners, or dispersed. Not a hostile regiment remained. A large number of fortresses, strengthened by the labor of ages, and which had been deemed impregnable, had fallen into the hands of the victor, and he was reposing in security in Berlin, in the palaces of Frederic the Great. The story of this wonderful achievement passed over Europe like the wonders of an Arabian tale, exciting universal amazement. "In assailing this man," said the Emperor Alexander, "we are but children attacking a giant."

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GLEANINGS IN GRAVE-YARDS.

There are very few, if any, very eccentric inscriptions on tomb-stones in this country. In England, however, they can be found. Among them are the following:—

In the church-yard of Chigwell, Essex, is this one:

This disease you ne'er heard tell on,—
I died of eating too much melon;
Be careful, then, all you that feed—I
Suffered because I was too greedy.

At Cheltenham is this warning:

Here lies I and my three daughters,
Killed by a drinking of the Cheltenham waters;
If we had stuck to Epsom Salts,
We'd not be lying in these here vaults.

In Swaffham, Norfolk, is this inscription:

Here lieth one, believe it if you can,
Who, tho' an attorney, was an honest man,
The gates of heaven shall open wide,
But will be shut again against all the tribe beside.

And again:

Here lies old Father Gripe, who never cried "J am satis,"
'Twould wake him did he know you read his tombstone
gratis.

In Prince Edward's Island is this elegiac jocularity:

Here lies the body of poor Charles Lamb,
Killed by a tree that fell slap-bang.

These also, "deadly lively":

Here lies Richard Dunn,
Who was killed by a gun.
His name was Pryme,
But that wouldn't rhyme.

Mary Gwynne has this epitaph:

Here lies Mary Gwynne,
Who was so very pure within,
She broke the shell of her earthly skin,
And hatched herself a cherubin.

The Provost of Dundee is thus celebrated by four different contributors:

Here lies the Provost of Dundee.
Here lies him, here lies he,
Hi-diddle-dum, hi-diddle-dee,
A. B. C. D. E. F. G.

There is a true story of an inhabitant of Woolwich dying and leaving a testimentary order that his tombstone should be inscribed with these lines:

Youthful reader, passing by!
As you are now, so once was I,
As I am now, so you must be,
Therefore prepare to follow me.

His disconsolate widow added this couplet:

To follow you I am not content,
Until I know which way you went.

The late rector at Woolwich with difficulty prevailed on the mourning creature to have these latter lines removed, after they had long graced the tombstone.

◆

MOUNT PLEASANT, N. J., *August* 24, 1861.

MR. BONNER:—*Dear Sir:* Among all the good suggestive things your correspondent with the wonderful "Eyes and Ears" has written of plants and flowers, I have never seen even a hint of the relation they bear, or the resemblance they put on to the persons we know and love. If in hymns we recognize the power of association; if a sacred strain can bring back the absent beloved to our eye, or to our ear the thrilling cadence we are to hear no more on earth; may we not find an affinity as close and sweet in the flowers we watch and tend daily, and which are dearest of all the inanimate world? To me every little gift of Flora's kingdom that adorns our humble garden, comes laden with such tender associations.

I have, for instance, carefully nourished a cluster of mignonette for weeks and months. There was and is no peculiar beauty in its pale green leaves and feeble growth; I have not prized it so much for intrinsic merit of sweetness in bloom, nor yet for its beautiful sentiment, but by and by, if prospered with sun and rain, its promise of blossoming will be quite fulfilled, and then every little modest head on its slender stems will talk to me of my absent pastor. Does *he* not love the flower? Has he not spoken often and warmly in its praise? Does he not sometimes wear it on his breast? Is it strange, then, if it speak to me with his air and eyes and voice—if its morning and evening salutation be his kindest greeting, "I am glad to see you!"

Again, every summer a rose geranium finds room and care in the narrow space allotted to my flowers. Neither has this ever been a favorite of mine, but it is my mother's, and I fancy like hers its life, the more fragrant, the greater the pressure of affliction, or the ruder the adverse winds that blow upon it.

A heliotrope grows and blossoms under my eye, whose delicate clusters speak to me with sweet but mournful pathos of one who will never walk or talk with me again but in spirit, till we meet in that bright land where parting is no more.

My tulips, in all their gorgeous spring array, constantly remind me of one very dear, whose gay but beneficent life yet needs the refining beauty and fragrance of Christian grace to mold and perfect it. For months and months, a dear little tri-colored violet looked at me with the loving eyes and endearing expression of a beautiful little boy, the only one of a dear brother, and with every glance reminding me that since their waning last autumn, the light of those glorious human orbs has gone out —gone out on earth, to shine as sapphires before the "Throne." Thus, early in morning and late at even, I walk among my flowers—flowers no longer, but friends familiar and gentle. Our intercourse is untrammeled by worldly conventionalities, or fear, or haste; I show them all there is in my heart for them, such as pride would never suffer, they represent to see. And they seem to look on me with such real gladness in their welcome after my absences, and with such appreciation for any offices of kindness I perform, offering such full and gracious return of affection, that I sometimes regret we are obliged to know other and harsher intercourse.

What would your respected correspondent say of one's spending her life exclusively in such society? Must it needs make one grow morbid or egotistical or misanthropic? Asking pardon for addressing you, and at such length, I am, with respect, MIMOSA.

◆

WHOSE BUSINESS IS IT?

We suppose it is useless to draw attention, for the thousandth time, to the way in which the poor cattle are abused, who are brought through the city to be slaughtered. But the sight is so harrowing and revolting that we cannot hold our peace. On one of the hottest days this summer, we saw a crowded cart full of poor calves, bound by the legs, that were being jolted mercilessly over the stones, their heads hanging over the sides of the cart, and one head certainly being grazed till it bled, with every revolution of the wheel; while the protruding eyes and tongues but too plainly told the agony of the poor animals! Such sights as these are a disgrace to a civilized city. Is it not time that our children and young people ceased being taught these heathenish lessons of cruelty?

FANNY FERN.

RIFLES AND CANNON.

It is a matter in dispute whether cannon or small arms are the deadlier weapons in a pitched battle. The grooved ordnance mow men down in swaths at almost incredible distances; but the rifle in skilful hands picks off the artillerists at their pieces and kills their teams, thus often rendering a battery useless and its capture an easy achievement. *Per contra* the decimation of a regiment of sharp shooters by round shot or grape does not impair the efficiency of the survivors, if they have nerve enough to maintain their organization after the disaster.

During the siege of Sevastopol so many Russian gunners were slain with the Minié rifle in the casemates of the Malakoff, the Mamelon and Redan, while in the acts of sighting and discharging their pieces, that the serving of guns within range of the allied rifle pits, became a very unpopular line of business in the Muscovite ranks. The breech-loading or revolving rifle repeats its fire with such celerity that twenty marksmen armed with it can pour in as many bullets as are contained in a cannon load of canister or grape, in less time than a squad of cannoniers can sponge, charge and level a field piece. And the portable and nimble weapon has this great advantage over the cannon—that when competently wielded its every bullet brings down a man, while of a load of grape, not more than one shot in five does execution, even under the most favorable circumstances. With round shot and shell the proportion of misses to hits is of course much larger; the hits, however, sometimes sweeping off whole files. Col. Scott says, in his Military Dictionary, that a single cannon ball has been known to disable forty men; but of course such instances of wholesale slaughter are very rare—more rare we take it than the discharge of forty cannon balls without killing a man.

As a matter of taste—taking all things into consideration—we would rather face Sherman's battery, if not *too* near, than Col. Berdan's regiment of sharpshooters at a distance of a furlong or so. A thousand men, the least skilful of whom can put ten consecutive shots into half a sheet of letter paper at the distance of 200 yards, would be the very last persons one would desire to meet on the field of battle. Nobody who happened to see the late firing at a "man-target" at Weehawken will dispute this position.

A mere civilian, however, who has never participated in "the fierce joy that warriors feel" when shooting or being shot at, is perhaps not competent to decide between the big bores and the small bores. A military man would probably say:

——"without great wrong to either,
It were much better to have *both* than *neither*."

In fact a movable army cannot be in the highest degree efficient without a due proportion of every arm of the service—not forgetting a sufficient *cavalry force* to complete the rout of a broken enemy.

◆

PORK AND POWDER.

To cure pork salt is essential, and gunpowder cannot be manufactured without sulphur. Of these two articles—the one indispensable for *curing* and the other equally necessary for *killing*—the South is said to be in great need. There are no saltworks of much importance, we believe, on the other side of Mason & Dixon's line; for although saline lakes exist on the lower Rio Grande—one of which contains large quantities of salt in a crystallized form—no attempt has ever been made to establish manufactories there. We have recently seen it stated in letters from South Carolina and Alabama, that the stock of salt is running low in all the Southern States, and though laws have been passed in some of them prohibiting the killing of sows, lest the supply of pork should be curtailed by the destruction of the maternal "animal," doubts are expressed about the possibility of putting the prospective shoats in brine. Without salt provisions no large army can long keep the field in this country, and if the deficiency of what Benton called the "great preservative" is really as serious as it is represented to be, the South is in a very unpleasant pickle.

The lack of sulphur is equally awkward, for cannon and small guns are useless without powder, and the infernal ingredient is one of its three deadly elements. If the blockade is maintained, no salt from Turk's Island, no sulphur from Italy, can enter any Southern port; while the introduction of any *such* "aid and comfort" from the North is of course out of the question, for bags of the one, and barrels of the other, are not as easily smuggled over the line as plans of forts and programmes of military movements. Without sulphur and salt, we don't see how the Secessionists are to save their bacon.

◆

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

A HINDOO FABLE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

It was six men of Indostan,
To learning much-inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant,
(Though all of them were blind,)
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The *First* approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me!—but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The *Second*, feeling of the tusk,
Cried, "Ho!—what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The *Third* approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:—
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The *Fourth* reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the the knee;
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'Tis clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The *Fifth*, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said, "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most—
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

MORAL.

So, oft in theologic wars
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an Elephant
Not one of them has seen!

"O WOFUL DAY."

BY ALICE CARY.

Sink out of sight to the realm of night,
O wasting and wearing day,
For the sweet red leaves of my rose of morn
Are broken and blown away.
My leaves are scattered, my hopes are shattered,
My peace is turned to pain;
Swing open, silver gates o' th' west,
And bring the night and the rain.

The flower o' th' wind on th' grass lies blind,
And spite the daffodil's pride,
His pot of gold grows heavy to hold,
And he hangs his head aside.
There is only one, the flower o' th' sun,
That still from morn till night
Can stand and stare through her curly hair,
In the face of the flaunting light.

Ah, fair and white is the flaky light
Falling soft from off thy brow,
But never maiden with false love laden,
Was killing and cruel as thou.
Now with a smile to flatter awhile
The creeping, credulous rills,
And now to lie on a bank o' th' sky,
Kissing the heads o' th' hills!

When candles are out and ghosts are about,
And th' bat through my chamber flies,
I shall sleep and see through a cloud of dreams
The star of my hope arise.
Make haste away, O woful day,
That has turned my peace to pain;
Swing open, silver gates o' th' west,
And bring the night and the rain.

EUDORA;

OR,

THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE DOOM OF DEVILLE," "ROSE ELMER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Dearest hopes and joys may perish—
Lost in an hour;
All the love the heart can cherish
May lose its power!
But when the storms gather o'er thee
Do not despair,
Heaven can ever joy restore thee
Still pure and fair."

Early in the morning Eudora arose from her sleepless bed. With the aid of the rude basin and jug of water and coarse towel that had been placed on the rough deal stand by Mrs. Barton the night previous, Eudora made her simple toilet.

And next, with the love of order and neatness which characterizes every true woman under all the circumstances of life, she made up the little bed and arranged the narrow cell. But oh! with what a heavy, aching heart, and what an ever present sense of the awful danger before her!

Finally, she knelt and offered up her usual morning prayers, and then sat down, in forced idleness, to endure the dull pain of merely living on.

She had not sat long thus, before the little square opening at the top of her door was darkened by the face of the female warder. And the next instant Mrs. Barton unlocked the door and entered the cell, saying:

"I peeped in first to see if you were asleep, for if you had been, Miss, it isn't I as would ha' disturbed you; seeing as sleep is such a blessing to them as is in trouble, it is a'most a sin to wake 'em. But laws, Miss, you needn't ha' took the pains to do the cell yourself, 'cause I could ha' done it."

"I thank you, it cost me little pains; besides, occupation is almost as great a blessing as sleep to persons in my unhappy circumstances," replied Eudora.

"And that's true, too; I know by myself! for well I remember when my two poor sailor-lads were lost in the Great Western steamship as went down with all on board—and I a lone widder-woman—I should ha' just gone raving mad, if so be I hadn't been obliged to work so hard all day that I slept sound all night. And so, between hard work and sound sleep, I lived through it."

"Is your post such a hard one?" inquired the poor young prisoner, taking an immediate interest in the kind-hearted, childless widow.

"Laws, no, Miss, but I wasn't here then, no, nor for a year afterwards. Bless you, Miss, I was in the laundry line o' business; but being of one of your grandfather, the *old* Lord Leaton's tenants, your father, Mr. Charles, took pity on me, and spoke to Mr. Anderson, as was under obligations to him, to give me this place. It isn't no ways hard on *me*, whatsoever it may be to them as I have to 'tend to. But it's been a teaching to me, Miss, for since here I've been, I've seen other people in so much deeper sorrow than any that mere death can cause, that I ha' been ashamed to grieve out of reason for my own troubles, and I ha' thought, i' the name o' the Lord, it wer' perhaps all for the best, for if my poor fatherless lads had lived, they might ha' been led wrong and brought here, and that would ha' killed me outright!—I beg your pardon, Miss!" said the woman, suddenly stopping and reddening at the thought of the unkindness of speech into which her thoughts had hurried her, "I beg your pardon, for I know that some come here without deserving it."

"And I came here without any fault of mine! Oh, believe it! You knew and honored my father! Oh, for his sake believe that his only child did not—could not—commit the dreadful crimes falsely charged upon her!" said Eudora, earnestly, clasping her hands, and throwing her glance, full of impassioned truthfulness, up to the woman's face.

"And 'spite of the evidence, I don't think you did, Miss; for being of your dear father's daughter, it don't stand to reason as you could!"

"It was all because I was the sole attendant of——"

"Miss, Miss, you mustn't talk of your business to me nor to anyone else, except your lawyer, for fear o' letting out something as might be brought against you on your trial," interrupted Mrs. Barton.

"What, not to you, who were my father's friend, and are mine?" asked Eudora, in surprise.

"No, Miss, 'cause how do I know! they might even pull me up for a witness; best be cautious."

"But I am guiltless, and being so, how can I say anything to injure my cause?"

"I dunnot know, Miss; but they do tell as how you let out many things afore the squire as had better been kept in."

"I spoke only the truth of what I had done; and I had done only what was right. The whole world was welcome to know it, and I do not see how it could hurt me."

"Yes, Miss, but then the best of truth do get so turned upside down and wrong side out by them lawyers, as you couldn't tell it from the worst of falsehoods; and so, if so be you can't say anything to clear yourself, best keep a still tongue in your head. But depend upon this, Miss—as Sarah Barton will do everything she lawfully can do to help and comfort your father's daughter."

"I thank you from a full heart! Oh, my dear father! little did you think, in providing for a poor widow, you were raising up a friend for your unhappy daughter in her bitterest extremity!" exclaimed Eudora, with emotion, as she grasped the hard hand of the woman.

"The ways of Providence *are* strange," said the good woman, musingly.

"They are," echoed poor Eudora, thinking of the strange fate that had cast her into prison.

"And now, Miss, as the gov'ner's family are about to sit down to breakfast, I will go and bring yours from his own table, same as I brought your supper."

"Are all the prisoner's supplied from the governor's table?"

"Lawk, no, Miss! quite the reverse! You didn't happen to think the prisoners all got lamb chop and port wine for their supper, such as I brought you last night?"

"Why, no, and that was the reason why I asked you. But do all the women, then?"

"Lawk, no, Miss! quite the reverse, as I said before."

"Then why am I so supplied?"

"Why, Miss, you see, it's a—it's a—it's another affair altogether with *you*."

"Then understand that I want no privilege that is not shared by the humblest of my fellow prisoners—*no favor*, in short."

"Well, Miss, for the matter of that, it is not an unlawful privilege, seeing as how the gov'ner sartinly *has* the right to send meals from his own table to any one he likes—and as for *favor*, Miss, it's a favor for you to accept any *lawful* services as he is free to render you, seeing as how he is under such everlasting obligations to you and your'n as he can never repay."

"Not to me—not to me—I never saw or heard of the man before I was brought hither."

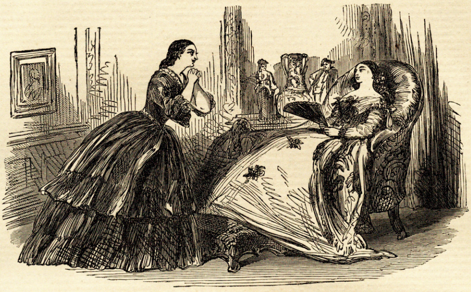
"Well, to your honored father, then! And though the old saying says that 'favor is no inheritance,' I say it ought to be! And so the best service as Mr. Anderson can do you won't be too much for you father's daughter."

"Think as you will about that; but I had rather not fare better than my fellow-sufferers."

"Neither will you, Miss, though you should have better than the best as the gov'ner's house could afford."

"I do not understand you," said Eudora, in surprise.

"Marry come up! I'll explain!" answered the woman. "You must know that the best Master Anderson can send you is not half so good as what you have been used to; and the worst prison fare as is sent to the others is a deal better than ever they've had outside. Consequently, all things considered, you fare worse, and not better than the rest," said Mrs. Barton, triumphantly.



ALMA APPEALING TO HER MOTHER.

"Your ingenious sophistry does not convince me."

"Then I'll tell you what must—the gov'ner's orders; and he—under the higher authorities, you know—is paramount here. He commands me to serve you from the best upon his own table, and I must obey."

"Just as you please; I thank you both; but it really makes no difference to me what I eat or drink," said Eudora, dejectedly.

"Reckon it would, though, if you knew what sort of food we sarve out to the others," thought Mrs. Barton, as she left the cell and locked the door after her.

The grating of that lock! How it always jarred upon the nerves of the sensitive girl! After an absence of about fifteen minutes, Mrs. Barton returned, bearing a tray upon which was neatly arranged a breakfast of coffee, toast, ham, and poached eggs.

Nature! wise mother!—you never suffer any degree of mental anguish to utterly destroy the appetite of the young. A minute before the entrance of the tray the hapless girl thought she could not eat; but a minute after, the savory smell of the well-chosen breakfast assailed her senses, creating hunger, notwithstanding all her grief, anxiety, and terror. The gossip of the good-natured Mrs. Barton seasoned the repast; and at the end of half-an-hour our poor Eudora had made a good and refreshing meal, for which she felt all the better.

"And now, then, what can I bring you to pass away the time with, until some of your friends call?" said Mrs. Barton.

"A pocket Bible if you please; nothing more."

"But lor', Miss, that's very solemn sort of study for week-a-days; hadn't you better have something funny, as would liven you up like?"

"There are times when no book but *the one* can be read," said Eudora.

"Very well, Miss; to be sure you shall have it," replied the woman, taking the tray, and retiring.

An hour afterward, while Eudora, was engaged in seeking to draw comfort and strength from the pages of the blessed volume, the cell-door was opened and a vailed lady was ushered in by Mrs. Barton, who immediately relocked the door and withdrew.

Eudora arose in surprise to receive this unexpected visitor.

The lady threw aside her vail, and revealed the features of Alma Elverton.

"Miss Elverton! Is it possible! You here?" exclaimed Eudora, in astonishment.

"Yes, dear; but why do you speak to me so formally? Why do you not call me Alma, as you used to do?" inquired the visitor, taking the hand and kissing the cheek of the prisoner.

"Why? O, that was so long ago!" sighed Eudora.

"But two weeks."

"No longer? It seems an age; but then so many things have happened since."

"None that can estrange us, I hope, Eudora?"

"You think me innocent, then?"

"Yes," replied the visitor, seating herself on the side of the cot-bed.

"And so you come to see me. Oh, that is very good in you."

"I come also to serve you. I come as the messenger of two friends, who wish for the present to remain unknown, but who feel such a personal interest in your acquittal that they send you this sum of money, and beg that you will accept it as a loan, to be devoted to the purpose of feeing counsel for your defence," said Alma, placing the roll of bank-notes in her hand.

"But this is very strange," remarked Eudora, hesitating to retain the money.

"And is not your presence in this place very strange? And is not everything that has happened to you for the last two weeks equally strange?"

"Oh, yes, yes; so strange that it sometimes seems to me to be unreal; as though I were dead and sleeping in my grave, and dreaming this dreadful dream," replied Eudora, with a shudder

"Then take one incident of the dream with another."

"But this money? I may never be able to repay it."

"Then repayment will never be demanded. Those who have sent you the funds direct me to say that they have a personal and strictly selfish interest in your acquittal as well as in the apprehension of the real criminal."

"Thank Heaven that there are some, at least, who believe me free from this great sin!"

"There are many; but as the mere belief in your innocence would do you but little good with judge or jury, it is necessary that they assist you in every practical way."

"But who are those friends that have sent me this assistance?"

"I must not tell more than I have already told—that they are those who have a deep interest in the acquittal of the innocent and the crimination of the guilty."

"But what sort of an interest?"

"I may not tell you more than that it is of so selfish a nature as to justify you in accepting all the assistance they can render you for their own sakes, without feeling under any obligation to them whatever."

"That will be difficult—indeed, impossible; for I must feel very, very grateful to these unknown benefactors," said Eudora, no longer refusing the gift, but accepting it with mixed feelings of gratitude and humiliation.

Alma would have remained longer, but the footsteps of several persons were heard approaching, and the door was unlocked, and Mr. Montrose, accompanied by a strange gentleman, was ushered in by the gaoler.

Alma hastily kissed Eudora, bade her be of good cheer, dropped her thick vail over her face, and hurried from the cell, to return home, and keep her dangerous appointment with her father.

"Miss Leaton, I have brought down Mr. Fenton, who is here to consult with us upon your case," said Mr. Montrose, presenting the lawyer.

The lawyer bowed, and the lady courtesied, just as if the introduction had taken place in the drawing-room.

Eudora took her seat upon the side of the cot, and offered the stranger the only chair, which he took. Malcolm Montrose seated himself upon the little table, and the consultation began.

"This is Wednesday. The assizes open on Monday. Can you procure us a copy of the docket, my good friend?" said Mr. Fenton, addressing the governor, who lingered at the door.

"I think I can, sir," replied that officer, hurrying away for the purpose. He returned in a short time, bringing with him the required document, which he placed in the hands of the lawyer.

"'Queen *versus* Goffe, poaching;' 'Queen *versus* Hetton, assault, &c. "Queen—um—um—um,' read the lawyer, running his eyes down the list, until he came to a line where he exclaimed:

"Here we are the seventh case on the docket—'Queen *versus* Leaton.' The cases that precede ours are trifling, and will soon be disposed of. Ours will come on, I should judge, about Wednesday morning—this day week; so there is a plenty of time to prepare the defence. Have you a copy of the evidence given at the coroner's inquest?" said the lawyer, turning to Mr. Montrose.

Malcolm drew from his pocket two papers, and handing them to Mr. Fenton, said:

"Here, in this first paper, is the report of the inquest that sat upon the body of Lord Leaton; and in this second the report of the one that sat upon those of Lady Leaton and Miss Leaton."

"Yes," said the lawyer, taking them, and settling himself to their careful perusal.

In the course of his reading he marked three or four points, and at its close he turned to his fair client and said:

"You are aware, I hope, Miss Leaton, that you should be perfectly frank with me, and that you can be so with perfect safety. In a word, it is absolutely indispensable that a client should be as candid with her counsel as a patient is with her physician."

"Yes, I am aware of that; but really I have nothing to tell you, but that I am wholly innocent of the dreadful crimes they impute to me."

"I have made several notes here upon items of evidence that may be used in our defence, and about which I wish to question you. In the first place, then, in the evidence given by Lady Leaton before the first coroner's inquest, her ladyship testified that on the same night of her husband's sudden death, while the sleeping-draught stood on the stand beside his bed, she being in her adjoining dressing-room, with the communicating door open between them, heard the rustle of a woman's silk dress moving about, and saw the shadow of a woman's form gliding along the wall of her husband's chamber. In the second place, the testimony of the late Agatha Leaton proves that this unknown intruder could not have been yourself, as you were at that very hour engaged in reading to her in her own private apartment. Consequently, the midnight intruder who stole secretly into Lord Leaton's room, and dropped the fatal drug into the sleeping-draught, must have been some other woman. Suspicion seems to have fallen on no one else; but have not you, in your private thought, some idea as to who this midnight poisoner really was?"

"Not the remotest in the world," replied Eudora, in astonishment at the question.

"Humph—take time—reflect."

"I have reflected, sir, but without effect."

"Again, then," said the lawyer, referring to his notes; "in your own evidence given before the second inquest you testify that on the night of your cousin's sudden death, while watching beside her sick-bed, you lost yourself in light slumber for a moment, but was almost immediately awakened by the impression of some strange presence in the room, and that, in the momentary interval between sleeping and waking, you saw, or dreamed you saw, a dark-robed female figure glide through the room and disappear in the communicating one; but that on arousing yourself, and searching that room and the adjoining one, you found no trace of an intruder. Now, what I wish to ask you is, whether you believe that you really saw anyone in the sick-chamber at that hour or not?"

"I was so shocked and terrified, and grieved by the sudden death of my cousin, that I could not then speak definitely as to whether I really saw or only dreamed of that figure in the room; because the scene passed on the instant of my waking up, and while my faculties were bewildered by slumber. But since that night, every time I have thought of that strange incident in my watch, I have become more and more firmly convinced that what I saw was a reality."

"In a word, that there was a woman in Miss Leaton's room that night?"

"Yes, I earnestly believe that there was."

"And that this woman dropped the poison into the cooling drink prepared for Miss Leaton?"

"Indeed I fear so; for when I saw the figure it was gliding away from the mantelpiece where the jug of tamarind-water stood, towards the door that opened into my own little room."

"And might not that woman have put the poison into your drawers? And may we not in that way account for its presence there?"

Eudora started violently, and turned deadly pale. The idea of such a depth of wickedness never before had been presented to her mind; and now it seemed to crush the very soul from her body.

"Because my theory of the case is, that the secret poisoner took measures effectually to conceal her own crime and to fix it upon you. And that is also the scheme of our defence."

"Oh, Heaven of Heavens! can a human being—can a *demon* be so atrociously wicked!" gasped Eudora, in a suffocating voice.

"Yes; a woman can be so. But reflect, and tell me, have you no possible suspicion as to who this woman might have been?"

"No; I have not the remotest idea."

"Well; in the first place, it must have been the same woman whose shadow was seen by Lady Leaton on the wall of Lord Leaton's chamber on the night of his sudden death,"

"You think, then, that Lady Leaton's impression of having seen such a figure was correct?"

"I think so. Now, reflect once more, and tell me if you have no clue to the identity of this woman?"

"Can nothing be done to ascertain who that woman is, if really guilty, and fix the guilt upon her?" inquired Malcolm.

"Yes, much. But the first and most important thing to be done is to keep perfectly silent regarding our suspicions, so that she may not be put upon her guard. The next thing is to engage the services of two or three experienced detectives, but that will be expensive."

Malcolm's face clouded at the remembrance of his limited resources.

But Eudora placed her roll of bank-notes in the lawyer's hands, and said:

"Pray take from that parcel as much as may be needed for this service, and hand over the remainder to Mr. Montrose."

The lawyer drew out two fifty pound notes, and handed the balance to the astonished Malcolm.

As that was not the proper time to tell the story of this mysterious loan, Eudora merely looked at Malcolm and smiled, for now she *could* smile, as the presence of the lawyer who came to defend her cheered her spirits and raised her hopes, even as the face of the physician who appears to cure animates and revives the sinking and dying patient.

The consultation was continued a little longer, and then the lawyer gathered up his documents and withdrew to prepare his defence.

On taking leave, Malcolm found an opportunity of lingering behind for a moment to look the question that he would not ask.

"Yes, the money was brought me by Alma Elverton, whom you must have noticed here as you came in, though she immediately lowered her vail and withdrew," said Eudora, replying to this mute inquiry just as directly as though it had been made in words.

"I noticed a lady pass out, but did not recognize her as Miss Elverton. And so it was Alma who lent us the money?"

"No; she was acting as the agent of those whose names she was forbidden to mention, but who professed to have a personal and even selfish interest in the acquittal of the innocent and the crimination of the guilty. Was I right to accept this loan?"

"Perfectly. It was a godsend! but we must find out if possible who are your benefactors. The knowledge may be of the greatest use in your defence. And here is another piece of service to be rendered by our detectives," said Malcolm. Then, knowing that he must not linger longer, he pressed the hand of his betrothed, and said:

"Farewell for the present, my dear Eudora. I will return and visit you as often as I may be permitted to do so. In the meanwhile, may God be with you."

And so saying, he released her hand, and followed the lawyer from the cell.

CHAPTER XX.

"Our actions travel and are vailed; and yet
We sometimes catch a fearful glimpse of one
When out of sight its march hath well nigh gone,
An unvailed thing which we can ne'er forget!
All sins it gathers up into its course,
As they do grow with it, and its force,
One day with busy speed that thing shall come,
Recoiling on the heart that was its home."

It was late in the afternoon when Alma Elverton, returning from the prison, reached Edenlawn.

Not daring to present herself unsummoned before her stern mother, she went direct to her own chamber, threw off her bonnet and mantle, and then rang for her attendant.

Old Madelon, in her high French *bonne's* cap, made her appearance.

"Will you go to my mamma, Madelon, and tell her that I have returned from my ride, and ask her to say whether I shall come to her?" said Alma.

"I vill go, Meess Elverton, but miladie is—is more—vat sall I say?" said the *bonne*, hesitating.

"Disturbed, sorrowful?" suggested Alma.

"No, *severe*. Miladie is more severe to-day as ever. I no like to go to her, but I vill go."

"Do, good Madelon; she will be pleased to hear that I have returned," said Alma, gently.

"I know not, Meess Alma, I know not," said old Madelon, shaking her head as she left the room.

Alma, full of anxiety upon many subjects, threw herself into an arm-chair to await the coming of the *bonne*.

Nearly an hour passed before the return of Madelon, who entered, saying:

"You must pardon me for staying so long time, Meess Alma; but it was no mine fault, miladie vas keep me."

"And has she sent for me at last?"

"No, no, Meess Alma; she say you mus' dine, and then come to her, and no before."

Alma made a gesture of impatience. It was now late; time was flying fast. The hour at which she had promised to meet her unhappy father was quickly approaching, and, fraught with danger as it might be, she was resolved to keep her appointment.

"I am not hungry; I do not wish to dine at all. Why cannot I go to my mother at once?"

"Miladie's commands—Meess Alma must rest, and must eat, and then come."

"But if I am neither tired nor hungry. Can I not go to mamma now?"

"No, miladie is engaged. Miladie writes letters. She will see Meess Alma later. She will send when she wants her child."

"Go on, then, Madelon, I can go through the form of dinner, at least," said Alma, looking anxiously at her watch.

It was five o'clock, and she had promised to meet her father at six. There was an hour left. There might yet be time to keep her appointment. She hoped to dispatch her meal, hurry through her interview with her mother, and then hasten to the wood.

She followed old Madelon down into the dining-room, where a delicate little repast had been prepared for her. She ate a piece of chicken and a jelly, and was picking a bunch of grapes when the lady's bell rang for Madelon, who hastened to answer it, but soon returned with a message summoning Alma to her mother's apartments.

Alma immediately hurried thither. She found the beautiful, majestic, pale-faced lady seated in the luxurious chair beside the elegant table in the midst of the gloom and glow of that crimson and golden room. That still woman was a picture of which the boudoir was but the background and frame.

As her daughter entered, the lady lifted her languid eyes from the book she was reading, and silently motioned Alma to take the chair on the other side of the table.

The young girl obeyed, and waited for her mother to speak. But the lady's large eyes had again fallen upon her book, and in a few moments she seemed to have forgotten the presence of her daughter.

Alma stole a glance at her watch. It was half-past five. Her heart throbbed with anxiety. She ventured to break the silence by saying:

"I did your errand faithfully and successfully, dear mother."

"I will speak to you about that presently, Alma," said the lady, turning a leaf of her book, and relapsing into silence.

Alma fell into thought. She had private anxieties enough of her own to engage her mind. She was extremely desirous to keep her appointment with her unhappy father. She was extremely fearful, also, of a rencounter between her father and her betrothed. She therefore felt the urgent necessity of being herself early on the ground to meet the first comer, whether that should be her father or her betrothed. If it should be the former, she would draw him quickly off in some other direction to avoid a meeting with Captain Montrose. If the latter, she would merely greet him and dismiss him, to shun a rencounter with Mr. Elverton. All these plans were fraught with danger, but they were the best that she could improvise for the exigency. Meanwhile, how quickly the precious minutes flew while she sat waiting her mother's leisure!

The elegant little ormolu clock on the chimney-piece struck six.

Alma started and looked up. The hour had come.

"Mamma, I wish to take an evening walk. If you will permit me, I will go, and return when you have leisure to attend to me," said the young girl, desperately.

"Are you so impatient, Alma? Well, then, I will hear you now," said the lady, closing her book and laying it down.

"No, mamma, I am not impatient; indeed, I should prefer taking my usual walk first, and then come to you again," replied the young girl, while a deep blush suffused her cheeks.

"You have had a long drive—enough of fresh air and exercise for one day. You may forego your walk; nay, you *must* do so."

Alma's color went and came rapidly.

The lady continued:

"I have finished my book, and am quite ready to attend you; so now tell me, how did you find your friend?"

This turned the current of Alma's thoughts, and she answered:

"Fearfully changed, mamma—so thin, so pale, so careworn, you would never have known her."

"She accepted the loan without reluctance?" asked the lady.

"No, mamma, there was much hesitation; but I used the arguments with which you had provided me, and I assured her that those who sent her the money had a personal interest in her acquittal that made it quite right they should bear their share in the cost of her defence."

"You were right; but how did she meet this explanation?"

"With the confiding faith of a grateful child—only anxious to know the names of her benefactors, that she might mention them in her prayers."

"Why do you say *benefactors*, when there was but *me?*" inquired the lady.

"Mamma, when we speak of anyone in the third person, without wishing even to divulge their sex, we say 'they,' because we have no third person singular of the common gender. And because I used the pronoun 'they,' she fancied there was more than one, and spoke of her benefactors," answered Alma, blushing deeply at the necessary reservation.

"Well, but you did not give the name?"

"No, mamma."

"Did she speak of her approaching trial? Is she frightened? Has she hopes? Speak; tell me more about her."

In reply to this adjuration, Alma related in detail the full account of her visit to Eudora. And while Alma described the anguish to which the poor imprisoned girl was a prey, the lady, long past shedding tears of sympathy, could only drop her head upon her hands, and groan as one suffering under some heavy burthen of remorse.

As Alma, forgetting her own embarrassment in the deep sorrows of Eudora, was still engaged in describing the prison interview, the clock struck seven.

She started, clasped her hands, and gazed appealingly towards her mother.

"Well, it is too late now, Alma, to keep your appointment. Even if Captain Montrose has waited a whole hour over his time, it is not likely that he will wait half an hour longer, which is the length of time it would take you to reach the trysting-ground," said the lady, coldly.

"Mamma!" exclaimed the dismayed girl, distressed at this discovery of her interview with her lover, and frightened lest that discovery should have also extended to her meeting with her father. Upon this latter point, however, the next words of Mrs. Elverton reassured her.

"Yes, poor child, I know all about it; you went to the wood yesterday to meet Norham Montrose."

"But, mamma——"

"Nay, poor girl, I do not blame you for the past, but I give you leave to blame *me*, both for the past and the future, if ever you meet your lover again."

"Oh, mamma!" sobbed Alma, drawing near, and sinking at her mother's feet.

But Mrs. Elverton, with a shudder of repulsion, rolled her chair back, and said:

"Alma, resume your seat. Keep as far from me as you can, keep so as to remain in ear-shot only, while I speak to you."

Tremblingly Alma arose and receded to her chair, where she sat with pallid cheeks, clasped hands, and wistful eyes still fixed upon the stern, white face of that strange mother.

"Alma," said the lady, coldly, "I do not mean to deal in mysteries. I learned this morning from the old gardener, Denny—who begged an interview with me for the purpose of making a communication which he deemed it his duty to make—that you had an interview with Captain Montrose in the woods behind the house last evening. At least, he met you loitering there, and a few minutes later met Captain Montrose going towards you. He inferred that there was an interview and an appointment. Alma, was the old man right?"

"Mamma!" said Alma, seeking to hide her fiery blushes with both hands. "Yes, he told you the truth; but oh, mamma, hear my defence——"

"Not now—not until I have done speaking. I dismissed the old man, with thanks for his fidelity, and with an injunction to silence, which I am sure that he will observe for your sake; for be assured, Alma, that such interviews seriously compromise the fair fame of a young girl."

"Mamma! Oh! let me explain——" again interrupted Alma, who seemed unable to bear for an instant the implied reproach in her mother's words.

"Not yet; not yet, Alma; hear me out. After thinking over the old man's story, I came to the conclusion that the interview of yesterday might have been accidental——"

"It was, indeed, partly so, mamma."

"And that it might or might not have resulted in an appointment for this evening. I did not wish to accuse you wrongfully, so I resolved to detain you in this room and observe your manner. And, Alma, your own restlessness and anxiety have revealed to me that you *had* made such an appointment with Captain Montrose this evening. Is it not so?"

"Yes, mamma, yes; but hear me and forgive me."

"Presently—presently; but let me tell you first that the days of romance and poetry, of troubadours and knights, and damsels-errant have past ages and ages ago. You cannot bring romance into your real life, except at the cost of your fair fame. And I would not have a single evanescent cloud pass before that which should be as bright as a clear summer day—for it is the only bright thing in your life, Alma!"

"And my fair fame shall continue bright, mamma! Oh! trust me and believe it!" said Alma, earnestly.

"Not if these interviews are repeated," replied the lady, coldly.

"Mamma, an angel might have been present at our meetings without offence to its heavenly nature," insisted Alma, fervently.

"And yet not even an angel's testimony would be taken for that."

"Oh, mamma!"

"Nay, I do not doubt your word, girl, nor blame you much; but I do very severely censure the conduct of Captain Montrose, who, as a man of the world, knew well how seriously he compromised you," said Mrs. Elverton, sternly.

"Mamma! mamma! he is not to be censured!" exclaimed Alma, warmly.

"Not for persuading an inexperienced young girl, of high rank, to give him interviews in the woods? What do you mean?"

"Mamma, hear me! Captain Montrose wished nothing better than your sanction to pay his addresses openly to your daughter. He wrote to you and wrote to my grandfather, earnestly entreating such sanction; and his overtures were rejected by both!"

"And properly so!"

"And why, mamma? Oh! why? He is certainly a gentleman of ancient family, of unblemished character, and of good position! Why were his proposals so curtly rejected? At least, dear mamma, you owe it to me to give a reason!" pleaded Alma.

"It should be a reason sufficient to satisfy you, Alma, that neither Lord Elverton nor myself chose to favor his addresses."

"But it is not, mamma! My beating heart cannot be answered so!" said Alma, earnestly.

"Then I have no other reason to give you, Miss Elverton!" said the lady, freezingly.

"Oh, mother, mother, do not speak to me so coldly; if you knew how sad my life is you would not do it! But, mother, let me talk to you a little of Norham," prayed Alma.

"In my youth, and in my country, young ladies never talked of their lovers, but blushed when others named them. I know not, however, but that a few years of time and a few miles of space may alter customs," said Mrs. Elverton, ironically.

"I know not, mamma; but if anywhere young women blush to hear their lovers named, it must be because they are happy in their loves; for if it were otherwise it seems to me that their cheeks would pale, not redden."

"And yours should blanch to marble, girl, at the name of love or marriage!" said the lady, in a low, stern, sad voice.

Her words escaped the ears of Alma, who, leaning forward, clasping her hands, and fixing her eyes earnestly upon the pale face of her mother, said:

"Mamma, mamma, *will* you let me speak to you from my heart this once?"

The lady did not reply, and her daughter continued:

"Oh, let me speak to you freely, my mother! To whom can I speak, if not to you? Oh, hear me!—for who will hear me if not you? Whom have I in the world but you? And, mother, who have you in the world but me? Between what two in the universe should there be confidence if not between us?—so separated as we seem from all the earth, so isolated, so lonely! Mother, may I speak to you, at least for once, from my heart?"

"Speak on, Alma; I hear you!"

"Mamma, I wish to account for these few, very few, and mostly chance meetings with Norham in the woods. And to do so I must commence at the commencement, and speak of the utter—utter loneliness of my life—the loneliness like living death that has been my lot from the moment of my birth, I think, to the present hour."

"One would naturally suppose that a condition which had commenced with your birth, Alma, and continued to the present time—since you could have known no other—must have become a second nature."

"One would think so, perhaps; and yet again, perhaps, such a second nature, formed by unnatural circumstances, could not be so forced upon the first original nature created by God. You may take the chrysalis, and shut it under an inverted glass, and so long as it remains a chrysalis it will be happy in its way; but when it developes into a butterfly, and spreads its wings, must it not pine, and suffocate, and die for want of space, and exercise, and air?"

"What mean you, Alma?"

"Mamma, when I was a child, I was happy dressing my dolls and playing with my pets; when I was a schoolgirl I was contented pursuing my studies and talking with my governess; but all these things have passed away with childhood and girlhood. I am a woman now, with all a woman's craving for human society, sympathy, and affection. Oh, if I speak plainly I cannot help it! I feel every hour in the day, and every minute in the hour, that there is something fearfully wrong *here* and *here!*" said Alma, placing her hand upon her head and her heart. "And, mamma, believe me that I feel, if this dreadful hunger of the heart and mind is not satisfied, idiotcy or death must be the result. Mamma, I was happier during the hour that I passed with poor Eudora in her prison-cell, than I have ever been in all the years that I have passed in this splendid living tomb. And why, mamma—why? Only because in that wretched prison-cell I was at least *en rapport* with another human creature!"

"Alma come to the point—what is it you wish me to do?"

"Mamma, bear with me a little while. I was about to say that it was this utter, utter loneliness of life and heart, that laid me so open to the advances of almost any person, man, woman, or child, who might have crossed my path—for the starving will eat husks rather than perish; but Providence sent across my solitary path a noble-minded man, my equal in birth, intellect, and position. He esteemed me, and won my esteem. He asked the sanction of my parents to his addresses, and his overtures were rejected by them. He loved me, and so he haunted the neighborhood of my home only to be near me. From childhood I have been accustomed to walk in those woods where he often accidentally met me. Yesterday I walked as usual in those woods. I will not deceive you, mamma, or say that I did not secretly hope he might be walking there also. He was; and we met. We had not spoken together for a very long time, and it was then so late in the evening that our interview was necessarily very short. And so we agreed to meet again this afternoon—to meet as betrothed lovers, who are to marry as soon as they both attain their majority; for, mamma, there must come a time when, if I live, I shall be free, by the laws of God and man, to give my hand where my heart has long been given—and I have promised, when that time shall come, to be the wife of Norham Montrose, and, mamma, I mean to keep my promise! There, mamma, I have told you all."

It was impossible that that white-faced woman could have become whiter, but now a livid grayness crept over her features that also seemed to harden into stone. It was in a low, level, ominous monotone that she repeated:

"You have told me all—now what is it you wish me to do?"

"Oh, mamma, pity me, take me to your heart, give me your confidence, make me happy—it will take but a little to do that! Recall Norham Montrose; give him your sanction to visit me here in your house—here under your eye!" prayed Alma, with clasped hands and beseeching eyes.

"I am glad that you have spoken so plainly, girl, for now I can answer you; and you must take that answer to be as final and immutable as though the words were sealed by the most solemn and binding oaths. And my answer is this—that you must never see Captain Montrose again!"

"Oh, mamma, mamma, tell me at least why you object to him. Is it his birth, his position, or his character?" exclaimed Alma, earnestly.

"It is neither. His birth, position, and character might fairly entitle him to wed any young lady in the land."

"Is there, then, any family feud between his House and mine, such as sometimes divide——"

"Lovers?—a Montague and Capulet folly? No! His family and yours have always been the best friends. In short, Alma, neither Lord Elverton nor myself, nor any of our friends, have the least personal objection whatever either to Captain Montrose himself or to any of his family. I can assure you of that, if it can give you any satisfaction."

"Oh, it does—it does, mamma! God bless you for that tribute to Norham's worth! Oh, mamma, you have told me what the objection is *not*—oh, tell me what it *is!* I might find a way——"

"Alma," interrupted the lady, in a deep, low, stern voice, "many months ago I warned you that love and marriage were not for you; many months ago I warned you, if you would escape the heaviest curse that could hurl a soul to perdition, to avoid the friendship of woman, and the love of man—DID I NOT?"

"Yes, you did—you did! but *why*, WHY, my mother?" demanded Alma, with her hands still tightly clasped and extended, and her eyes still fixed upon the face of her mother.

"Alma," commenced the lady, in a voice of almost awful solemnity, "if I might be permitted to do so, I would willingly spare you the anguish of hearing the words that I must speak; but destiny is stronger than I am—stronger than all are!"

"Say on, my mother. Oh, say on! If there is anything I ought to know, let me hear it—never mind the pain!" prayed Alma, with her clasped hands.

"But, oh! must it be my tongue that tells you at last, Alma, that your parents' marriage proved the most awful calamity that could have crushed any two human beings! That your birth was a curse to Hollis Elverton—a curse to me, and deeper still, a curse to you! That *your* love lighting upon any human being would be the darkest misfortune that could fall upon them! That *your* marriage with any man would be the direst catastrophe that could blight him——"

Her dreadful words were interrupted by a wild, half suppressed shriek from Alma, who buried her face in her open hands for a moment, and then raising her head, cried:

"Mother, I must be marble!—yes, marble! I cannot be flesh and blood as others, or your words would kill me!"

"And you are not flesh and blood as others! but something set apart, accursed, that must not join heart or hand with any other human being!"

"But why, *why*, WHY, my mother? that is what I wish to know, what I *ought* to know, what I *will* know! for when you pronounce a sentence that may consign me at eighteen years of age to the long-living death of an existence without love, without friendship, without sympathy, without communion with my kind, I ought, I *must*, I WILL know the reason *why!*" cried Alma, with wild and startling energy.

"Poor wretch!" muttered the lady, with something like pity vibrating in the cold monotone of her voice, and disturbing the strong rigidity of her features—"poor wretch! you rush blindly upon your fate just as I did! Aye, your very words were once mine! Alma, when, eighteen years ago, Hollis Elverton rushed into my presence, and, in frenzied despair, told me that we must part then, there, and forever, I, too, in the extremity of my anguish and terror, demanded and wrung from him the *why*—the WHY that doomed me to that living death of widowhood."

"And he told you. My father kept no secret from the wife of his bosom," said the young girl.

"He told me. Alma, there are things that kill the soul in the body and turn the body into stone! He told me—he whispered one dreadful word in my ear that struck me down at his feet as a thunderbolt strikes a statue to the ground! When I recovered my consciousness he was gone, and I knew that he could not, ought not, must not ever return!"

"And yet he loved you, my mother?" whispered Alma, in the half hushed tone of awe.

"Yes," muttered the lady.

"And yet you loved him?"

"Yes."

"And your marriage was happy up to that fatal evening?"

"Perfectly happy."

"And yet—and yet——"

"And yet we parted—yes, as ships at sea that meet and strike in the fog and fly asunder—wrecks doomed to go down to destruction! So we married, and so we severed."

"Was it right?"

"It was right."

"Oh, mother, what made it right? what could make it right that you and my father, who loved each other so devotedly, who were so worthy of each other, too, and whose marriage was so happy in itself, and so highly approved by all, should separate so suddenly—so utterly and everlastingly?"

The lady did not reply, but turned away her face to avoid the searching eyes of her daughter.

"Oh, Heaven!" cried Alma, "there could have been but one reason—some previous engagement, or bond, or, or——"

She could not bring herself to utter the other word, but dropped her face in her hands, while her bosom rose and fell with those convulsive, tearless sobs that seem to "press the life from out young hearts."

"I know what you would say, Alma; but you are mistaken, poor, unhappy girl! There was no previous engagement, bond, or love, far less marriage, either on Hollis Elverton's side or mine, with any third person whose existence could invalidate our marriage. Hollis Elverton was a bachelor and I a girl when we married, nor had either of us ever loved until we met and loved each other. No, Alma, it was no previous marriage that burst ours asunder," said the lady, as some memory of unusually exquisite pain convulsed her statue-like form.

"Then, in the name of heaven, earth, and hades, *what* was it?" exclaimed Alma, with startling vehemence.

"I have told you enough—enough to decide your fate. I must not tell you more!"

"Yes, and without any reason assigned, you have pronounced a sentence of excommunication and outlawry against me; a sentence that cuts me off from the comforts of religion and the intercourse of society; a sentence that dooms me to a fate worse, infinitely worse, than death. But, mother, without a reason that shall convince my own judgment, and satisfy my own conscience, I cannot, and ought not, to accept that sentence or submit to that fate?" said Alma, with gentle firmness.

"Rash girl, what do you mean by that?"

"I mean, mamma, that, though I may obey your hard commands while I am a minor, even though obedience may destroy my life or reason, as it may, but when I am free, mamma, as every one ought to be at some period of their life, I must redeem my plighted troth by bestowing my hand upon that Norham Montrose to whom even you acknowledge that you have no personal objection whatever. That is all I mean, mamma."

"But in the interval you will meet him and converse with him often?"

"No, mother, I will not seek to see him; I will even try to avoid him."

"But if he should throw himself in your way, or happen to meet you and speak to you, you would answer him—you would converse with him?"

"I wish I could promise you that I would not, mamma; but oh, I could not keep such a promise, believe me I could not," said Alma, convulsed with sobs.

"I do believe you; and that belief forces me at length to speak that word—that word which must sever you at once and forever from him and from all others—that word which may sink into your heart, and corrode your life until you are as bloodless as I am; or, that may kill you at once—strike you down dead before me! Be it so; better you should die than live to marry," said the lady, rising and approaching her daughter, while the grayness of death again overspread her pallid face.

Alma, with a dreadful sickness of the heart, waited to hear some fatal communication.

Mrs. Elverton bent down, and whispered in her ear.

Alma sprang to her feet, gazed with dilated eyes and blanched cheeks in bewildering despair upon her mother's face, as though unable to receive at once the full horror of her words, and then threw her hands wildly to her head, reeled forward, and fell senseless to the floor.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

RESTING POWDERS.

FROM THE DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

In the spring of 1847 I settled in Lancaster. The old physcian of that place had been removed by death, and several of my friends were anxious that I should come in. The opportunity was an excellent one, and I embraced it; and when I had been there a year I had a practice far better and more extensive than I had ever before enjoyed. Among those who became my warm personal friends were Frederic Lawson and his wife; and their friendship was worth having. Mr. Lawson was over seventy years of age, a hale, hearty old man; and his wife was the very picture of domestic health and comfort. He was the wealthiest man in the town, being worth over a hundred thousand dollars, and he was one of the most valuable citizens, too. Both he and his wife gave me their friendship very soon after I took up my residence with them, and this circumstance helped me much in other quarters.

One day in the early part of September I received a request to attend at Mr. Lawson's without delay. It was in the afternoon, and when I arrived, I found the old gentleman and his wife both sick. They had been taken just before noon, with cramps and chills; but they were much easier when I arrived than they were when they sent for me. I saw that their stomachs were out of order; and as I knew that they were both pretty high livers, I was not at all surprised. I gave simple emetics, with some other medications, and then left them, promising to call again in the morning.

In the morning I found them no better than they had been on the day before. They fancied that they were much better, because they suffered no pain; but I could see that they were really sick. After a careful examination I came to the conclusion that I had got to guard against fever; and I gave the nurse directions with that understanding.

This nurse was named Margaret Allen. She was a peculiar person, though, on the whole, rather pretty. She was of medium height; with light brown hair; grayish blue eyes; and her face, with its finely cut features, was pale and thin. She spoke but little, seeming to shun much society; and when she did speak her voice was low and sad, as though her whole being had been darkened by some calamity that still weighed upon her. She had been in Mrs. Lawson's employ something over a month. She had represented herself as an orphan, without relations or friends, seeking some quiet retreat where, in return for faithful labors, she could have a quiet, peaceful home. Both Mrs. Lawson and her husband had taken a deep interest in her; and her modest, unassuming manners, and her willingness to obey, had so won upon them that they now placed in her the most unbounded confidence.

To Margaret Allen I gave my directions, and she promised to obey me faithfully. For six days I attended upon my aged patients. There was no fever set in, and yet they were growing weaker every day.

Another week passed, and the sick ones were surely failing. There was nothing remarkable about the progress of the disease, for it worked just as I might suppose that such a malady would work. There was only one thing that troubled me, and that was, the peculiar manner in which they had been taken. However, that was past and gone, and I could only say, *it so happened*, and there leave it.

It was Monday morning again, and Mr. Lawson asked me if I thought he would live.

I sat down and told him just what I thought. He might live some time—perhaps for several weeks—it might be for months—but I did not think he would recover. And I then told him that if he wished to make a will, he had better do so without much delay.

"No," said he, "I have no will to make. I have no children of my own, and my property, if my wife and I both die, will go to my brother's family. I had one child—a daughter. She was a precious child to me, and yet she struck me a heavy blow. I had a servant, named Stienburg,—a shrewd, unprincipled fellow, with an exterior polished and comely. He won my daughter's love, and she ran away with him, and married him. I did not discard her—I tried to have her come and live with me; but she would not leave her husband. I could not have him beneath my roof, for he was a villain. At the expiration of a few years Stienburg died, leaving his wife with one child—a son. I then took my daughter and her boy home, and ere many years she died. The boy turned out worse than his father; six years ago I received the news of his death. He died in Calcutta, of fever, and the captain of his ship wrote to me that his body had been decently buried. I breathed more freely after that, for it took away the necessity of making a will just for the purpose of disinheriting my heir, which I should have been forced to do, had William Stienburg lived."

It was three days after this—on Friday—that my suspicions of something wrong began to oppress me On this Friday morning I found the old man more feeble than he had been before, and while I was with him he had a spell of vomiting. The matter ejected from his stomach had a peculiar look, and I asked him what he had been taking. He said he had taken nothing but his resting-powders. I took some of the matter away with me, and before noon I had submitted it to a chemical test which betrayed the presence of poison! There was arsenic; but the arsenic was not alone. It was a prepared poison—a compound formed upon some subtle basis—calculated to destroy life without giving token of its presence. In this case it was evident that an overdose had been administered.

If poison had been administered, who had done it? That was the question. Of course my thoughts were first turned upon Margaret Allen, and my suspicions rested there, too. I could not imagine any cause which the nurse could have for such a deed,—I could only feel that circumstances pointed her out as the only one who had had opportunity to do it.

As soon as I had made a careful analysis of the contents of my phial, I returned to Lawson's house, and made a change in his medicine. There was a boy in the family—a little fellow some twelve or thirteen years of age—a son of the cook—whom I felt that I could trust. He was bright as a lark, and I knew that he loved Mr. Lawson. I called him out into the garden, and asked him if he would like to help me to serve his master; and, furthermore, if he could keep his own counsel, even from his mother. I was not disappointed. I knew from his manner of reply that I might depend upon him. I asked him what he thought of Margaret Allen.

He said he didn't like her. And the little fellow shook his head. He felt more than he could explain.

I then told him that I wanted him to watch Margaret Allen in every possible way. I wanted to know everything she did,—only she must not know that he was near her. He promised to do the best he could, and I then dismissed him.

That evening I was with my patients at nine o'clock, and with my own hands gave the medicine. I told them I was going to try a new course, and I wanted them to take nothing more till morning. In the morning I was there again, and met the boy in the garden.

Had he watched Margaret Allen.

Yes—he had watched her very narrowly.

Had she given the sick people any medicine?

He had not seen anything of the kind.

"Have you seen anything out of the way?" I asked.

"I don't know as there's been anything out of the way," he replied; "but I saw something this morning that looked funny."

"Ah—what was it?"

"I went up and watched at her door, and when I peeped through the key-hole, I saw her shaving herself—shaving with a razor—just like a man.

SHAVING HERSELF!

I had it now. Now I believed I had a clue to the secret of Margaret Allen's strange look.

Shaving with a razor—JUST LIKE A MAN!

Was not that it?

I thanked the boy for his information, and having cautioned him to keep quiet, and promised him that he should be rewarded for his services, I dismissed him.

When I went up stairs I found Mr. Lawson very weak, but not in much pain. After some remarks upon general topics I introduced the name of Margaret Allen. I asked him if he had ever noticed anything peculiar about her.

"Yes," he said; "and that may be one reason why I have been drawn towards her. She looks as my daughter used to look."

"Your daughter never had a daughter?"

"No—only one child—William."

"And you are sure William is dead."

"Certainly."

"How do you know?"

"Why—the captain of the ship in which he sailed wrote me to that effect."

"Did it never occur to you that William Stienburg might have written that letter himself?"

"No. Such a thing never entered my mind. But what do you mean?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow," said I. "I am in a hurry now."

I got away from him as easily as possible, and then went back to my own dwelling, where I took one of my pistols and carefully loaded it; and thus armed I returned to the house of my patients. In all probability the reader sees the drift of my suspicion. It is enough for me to say that that suspicion amounted almost to a moral certainty. When I reached the house I called to the coachman and the groom, and asked them to come and help me; and when I had made them understand what was to be done, they were eager enough to lend their assistance.

The nurse was in her chamber. I went up, and the two stout men followed me. They waited upon the outside, while I entered the room. Nurse was sitting by a window, reading.

"Sir!—What means this intrusion?" There was a start; but it was not the start of a virtuous woman. No, no,—far from it.

"Easy," said I, leaving the door ajar behind me.——"WILLIAM STIENBURG, you have run the length of your rope!"

It was too much for human nerve—too much, because it had not been expected. Nurse gasped, and quivered, and turned pale—then leaped to a drawer, and drew out a pistol.

"Hold!" My pistol was cocked, and pointing directly at his head. "You see I am prepared."

He had exposed himself, and he knew it; and his next movement was calculated to distract my attention. Whether he hoped to escape, or whether he aimed at my life, I could not tell; and it made little difference, for I had but one course to pursue. I called for my companions, and by the time the nurse was secured there was no doubt remaining touching the sex. In short, the groom and the coachman both, as soon as they thus gained the clue, knew William Stienburg well enough. They tore off his disguise—ripped the female garb from his person—and then, when he could no longer hide himself, he sank into sullen silence. I saw him in a place of safety, with a stout guard over him, and then I went to see Mr. Lawson.

I believed that it would do my patient good to tell him the story of my discovery, since I could now give him hopes of recovery; and accordingly I told him all. He was not startled as I expected to see him.

"I have suspected this," he said, shaking his head.

"Since when?" I asked.

"Since you spoke to me before. Your remarks opened my eyes. I was prepared for this. William has been poisoning me."

"Yes."

"Do you think you can cure me?"

"Yes,—I hope so. We will go at it at once, and the result will be apparent in a very few days. And in the meantime what shall be done with our prisoner?"

"Let him be safely guarded to-night, and we will consult about that to-morrow."

That very evening I was satisfied that I could arrest the work of the poison that had been given, and so I told Mr. Lawson. I did not speak with his wife upon the subject, leaving him to do that himself.

On the following morning Mr. Lawson told me that William Stienburg had gone.

"Don't be astonished," he said. "I sent him off myself. He confessed his whole crime, and I let him go."

And then the old man told me the story—

"I sent for him, and he came to my room; and when I had made him understand that I should not seek revenge upon him, he confessed the whole. He had fabricated the story of his own death for the simple purpose of putting me off my guard, and also with the thought that it might prevent his being mentioned in my will in the shape of disinheritance. He knew that, as the offspring of my only child, he was heir to my property, and with that idea he has worked. Being small of frame, and of a peculiarly delicate skin, he took the notion of assuming the disguise of a female, and getting into my employ; after which he meant to poison both myself and wife in such a manner that people should think we died from ordinary disease. He told me that he had the recipe for the poison from an old Indian, and that if he had not been careless in giving it, his secret would never have been discovered. He said he would leave the country if I would let him go, and I could not refuse. He was the son of my only daughter, and I would not see him suffer a felon's doom. I do not believe he will ever trouble me again."

On the whole, I did not blame my friend for what he had done, and so I finally told him. He had learned how the poison had been compounded, and when I knew the secret I knew how to apply the antidote. Within a month both Mr. Lawson and his wife were well again; and, as may be supposed, their feelings towards me had not grown cold.

About a year after that we heard that William Stienburg had gone to California. He was keeping a gambling house in San Francisco. In another year he was dead. It was no deception this time. He was shot in a street row, and a friend of mine, who happened to be there, wrote me the particulars.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Wanderer, come home!
It is not home without thee. Loving hearts
Miss the light footstep, whose glad echoes fell
Like music on affection's watchful ear;
And household smiles are changed to bitter tears,
Embalming sad regrets and memories
Of past joys. OLD PLAY.

Our readers have already seen how bitterly Dame Mayfield regretted the few hasty words which drove her son from his home. Scarcely were they uttered than she would have given worlds to recall them; and when day after day elapsed without her boy returning, regret became anguish—she could endure it no longer.

As for the farmer, to use his wife's expression, he went moping about the place like a sick turkey poult. He had lost all zest for labor; first his spirits, then his appetite failed him. He had received a most affectionate letter from his son, in which the writer respectfully repeated his resolution of marrying Clara, as soon as he found himself in a position to support her. He declined seeing his parents till then, and added that his mother was justified in the feelings she had expressed, by his past idleness.

"With youth, and strength to work," he concluded, "I had no businesss to be dependent."

"Ah, Tom, Tom!" ejaculated the old man, sorrowfully, as he folded the letter, "it is we who wor dependent upon thee."

An assertion the dame silently indorsed.

"Work!" continued her husband, "the boy aint fit for work; but that be our fault, not his—we never would let him put his hand to anything. He wor willing enough. He be scholar larnt," he added, "I can say that for him."

"That he be," said Mrs. Mayfield, proudly, "but don't 'ee take on so; my heart be sad enough, but thine seems worse. I'll bring him home again."

"It wor easier to drive him from it," observed the farmer, with a sigh.

He did not intend it as a reproach, but the dame felt it as such, and her tears flowed fast and silently.

"I tell thee that I will," she sobbed at last. "Thee art his father, but thee can't tell what a mother's heart can do."

Mrs. Mayfield had evidently taken one of those extreme resolutions which extreme cases require, and, eager to put it into execution, retreated to her room to commence operations. The gown, the only silk one she had ever possessed, was taken from the trunk in which it had lain for years, half smothered in lavender. It was her wedding-dress, and only worn on high and solemn occasions.

Tom himself had seen it but twice.

"Well, missus," observed Bet, the dairy-maid she had brought with her from Lowelstree, when she saw her dressed in it, "I never thought I'd see you wear that in London, anyhow!"

The faithful servant looked upon it as a sort of profanation.

"I dare say not," replied the good dame, quietly.

"And thee beest a-going out?"

"Yes."

"But how about the butter?"

"Hang the butter!" exclaimed Mrs. Mayfield, nervously.

It is more easy to conceive than describe the astonishment of Bet. During the sixteen years she had lived with her mistress she had never heard such an expression before. To her unsophisticated mind the most serious duty in life was butter-making. Conscience never troubled her, provided the churning turned out well. She had done her duty, and left the rest to Providence.

"Hang the butter!" she repeated to herself, as the dame left the house. "I had often heard Lunnun wor a sinful place, but I never thought it so bad as that. Hang the butter!!! They'd never believe it in Lowelstree, thof I swore to it. Hang the butter!!!! well!! well!!"

Very little passed in the house of Mrs. Page that Hannah, the maid-of-all-work, did not make herself acquainted with. The doors would not shut very closely, and the keyholes were exceeding large; love affairs possessed an especial interest for her, and the poor, simple drudge had a large heart. Clara's affair with Tom, and the opposition of his mother to their marriage, were no secrets to her. She even divined Harold's attachment to Bianca. Her own affections had vacillated for the last two years between the butcher and the baker boy—to say nothing of a flirtation with the postman.

Hannah happened to be in one of her very worst humors when Mrs. Mayfield presented herself and inquired for Miss Cleret.

"I don't think she will see you, mum," was the reply; "leastways I wouldn't if I wor in her place," was the reply.

"But as you are not in her place," answered the dame, "perhaps you will ascertain for me."

"Certainly, mum."

Poor Clara felt terribly agitated when informed that the mother of Tom was waiting in the drawing-room to speak with her.

"Showed her in there," said Hannah. "Looks better, Miss. First floor's out."

"I would rather see Mrs. Mayfield in my own little room," observed the *danseuse*.

"What! in the attic?" exclaimed the maid-of-all-work. "Why, you'd never bemean yourself to that!"

Clara not only persevered in her resolution, but refused to put on her best frock, or accept the loan of Mrs. Page's smart shawl, which the maid-of-all-work knew where to lay her hands on.

"The missus," she urged, "would never know on it."

Clara was right. The attic, with it's little truckle bed and clean dimity furniture, her own plain dress and simply braided hair, produced a far more favorable effect upon her visitor than the drawing-room, best frock, and borrowed shawl would have done.

Mrs. Mayfield regarded her for an instant and mentally decided that she was pretty. Tom had that excuse. She even began to doubt the story of naked legs and shoulders.

"I suppose, young lady, you know who I am?"

"Mr. Mayfield's mother," answered Clara Cleret, respectfully. "You are mistaken, in addressing me as a young lady. I am only a poor simple girl, who fears she has unwillingly incurred your displeasure."

"Ah! Tom has described me to you, then?" ejaculated the dame.

"A hundred times," replied the orphan, in a voice tremulous with emotion. "Your devoted affection for him, his own deep love and reverence for you; painted all your excellent qualities to me, and taught me once to hope that I too, might obtain a place in your regard, by patience, obedience, and respect. I was happy," she added, bursting into tears, "very happy then."

"To steal him from me was not the right way to win it."

The observation was not harshly made, but Clara felt it, and her pride took the alarm.

"Fondly as I prize the heart of your son," she answered, "I never tried to *steal* it. My own was his before I knew its loss. I am poor—so poor that privation has become a second nature to me. He saw it, and respected me; rescued me from the hands of one who would have outraged me. Do you wonder that I love him?"

This was an appeal to the right source—Mrs. Mayfield could not wonder at any one loving her darling Tom.

"No, I don't," she exclaimed, throwing her arms round the astonished girl, and kissing her; "and since I have seen you I don't wonder at his loving you. But you must give him back to me. Only for a little while," she added, smiling through her tears. "He has been absent now four days—four whole days from his home; and it is not home without him!"

"You are not jesting with me," sobbed Clara, greatly excited. "No! you are too kind for that; you will permit me to call you mother—to love you."

"Provided you make my son a good wife," replied Mrs. Mayfield, affectionately.

The heart of the pure and innocent girl bounded at the words; the sense of happiness and gratitude became almost overpowering.

"A good wife!" she murmured; "what else can I make him?"

It was the cry of nature; the protestation of a young and innocent heart, strong in the devotion of pure love. No reply could have been so convincing as this.

"But his father!" added the still trembling girl.

The good dame could scarcely restrain a smile at the idea of her husband's opposing anything she and her son desired.

"Will spoil you, Clara, if it be possible to spoil you," she answered, "by his affection. He spoke truly," she added, "only an hour or two since. We are more dependent upon Tom than Tom on us, though we have toiled and saved for him."

A footstep, light and impatient, as youth's first hope, was heard upon the staircase. Mrs. Mayfield recognized it, and her cheek turned pale.

"You must give him back to me," she whispered; "make him forgive me."

"Mother! my own dear, blessed mother!" exclaimed Tom, as he rushed into the room and threw his arms around the venerated form before him, "I knew you would relent, that your boy's happiness would vanquish prejudice; kiss me, tell me you forgive me the pain my disobedience has caused you. I should have waited, made you and Clara known to each other, and left the rest to time, to your own kind heart. You do forgive me, mother; I am sure you do."

Her tears answered for her. As she gazed upon his animated features, and listened to his truthful, loving voice, the good dame wondered how she had ever found courage to thwart his inclinations on a point where manhood is most interested, and the bliss or misery of a whole life at issue.

"Thank her, Clara," added her lover, turning to the now happy girl; "thank her, and ask her blessing on our love."

"Thee must come home, Tom," replied Mrs. Mayfield. "I have promised thee father to bring thee back; thee must come home first, father and I will pronounce it together. Just as you are, child," she continued, addressing her future daughter-in-law; "farmer will like thee best in that dress, it be neat and pretty."

Harold and Harry now made their appearance. The former congratulated his friend warmly upon his reconciliation with his parent, whilst his more youthful cousin kissed the good dame heartily.

"What a pity," he exclaimed, "we are not all at Lowelstree again!"

"Ah! Mr. Mansell," said the grateful mother, "I guessed when I saw Tom that thee were not far off. Lunnun and rich kinsfolk haven't changed thee. I be bound," she added, "that thee know'd all along where my poor boy wor."

"Where should he have been," answered our hero, "but with his brother? But why do you call me Mr. Mansell? I prefer the old familiar name of Harold."

"That wor well enough at Lowelstree," observed Mrs. Mayfield, "by the chimneynook, where thee and Tom used to prepare the guns or tackle for next day's shooting or fishing. Thee art grown a man now, but not a truer gentleman."

"Not a whit, my heart is boyish as ever."

The good dame could not help regretting that he had not accepted her husband's offer, and tried farming, instead of accepting Sir Jasper's invitation; but, knowing it to have been the wish of his dead father, respect kept her silent.

Little persuasion was necessary to induce Clara to accompany her lover and his mother to Islington, and still less preparation. The simple dress she wore sufficed. When the heart is o'erflowing with joy, it has no room for vanity.

Mrs. Page and Bianca promised to watch over Telbin, whom the physician that very morning had pronounced out of danger.

As the maid-of-all-work opened the street door, on the departure of the happy party, she made one or two short bobs, intended, no doubt, as respectful courtesies to Mrs. Mayfield. Somehow or other, she appeared to understand that a reconciliation had taken place, and, in the magnanimity of her nature, she forgave her.

Whether she divined what had passed, or had listened at the door of the attic, we fear must remain a mystery. We have our own opinion upon the subject.

"If she had only changed her frock," she muttered, looking affectionately after Clara, "and borrowed the missis's shawl, she'd never a minded it."

This was the only drawback to the simple, hard-working creature's contentment.

There is a poetry even in the roughest natures, and Hannah was not without her share of it.

We are all better for having something to love, if it be only a dog, a bird, or flower. It prevents the milk of human kindness from curdling and turning sour.

Never had the good dame appeared so comely in her husband's eyes as when he recognized her walking proudly up the gravelled pathway, leaning upon the arm of Tom. A weight of sorrow fell from his heart, and he expressed his thanks in a hearty kiss, even before shaking hands with his son.

"God bless thee lad!" he exclaimed at last. "Now I see thee face, it be home again. And this pretty girl, too! I be thinkin' I ha' seen hers afore."

"That you have, father," answered the lover of Clara, joyously. "I trust you will soon look upon her as a daughter."

The farmer drew the trembling girl towards him, and imprinted a hearty salute upon her cheek.

It would have been difficult to find a group of happier persons than the one assembled round the well-spread table of Mrs. Mryfield, who evidently felt the assembly was a solemn one; for not only the silver teapot, but the best china made its appearance upon the occasion.

The former, we believe, had been used but once since Tom was christened.

The simple, unaffected kindness of which she found herself the object, soon put the hitherto friendless girl at her ease. As for the farmer, he appeared in the seventh heaven of delight, and his feelings expanded themselves in shaking hands with our hero and his son alternately.

"Ah! Master Harold," he exclaimed, "thee hast thee good worthy father's heart. Would he had been spared to see this day! I should ha' liked him to have done the same good turn for Tom, in Lowelstree church, that his predecessor did for me."

At this allusion the features of Clara became suffused with the rich hue of modesty. The dame's first impulse was to rebuke her husband for his thoughtlessness, but her better sense prevailed, and, with womanly tact, she invited the blushing girl to visit her cows and poultry.

Harry accompanied them.

"Well, lad," said Mr. Mayfield, "when is it to be? It's no use standing shilly-shallying, and puttin' it off; the missis and I wor both young when we married, thof not so young as thee."

"That will depend upon my means of supporting a wife, father," answered Tom, gravely.

"Means!" repeated the old man; "what does the boy mean? Means! Thee doesn't want a coach and six, I suppose?"

"Certainly not," replied his son, laughingly.

"And who ha' dame and I been a-savin' for all these years," continued the farmer, "but for thee? Means! Don't thee trouble thee head about the means, lad."

"Father," said the young man, taking him by the hand, "for the first time in my life I am about to speak of my position seriously. It is not right that I should live in idleness whilst you and my mother toil; there was both wisdom and truth in what she said. Hear me patiently," he continued. "Through the influence of Harold, I have procured an appointment in one of the Government offices. The salary is not a large sum, but with economy——"

"Hang salary and economy!" interrupted the old man. "No; I don't exactly mean that, for it has made me what I am; but when the harvest is gathered, where be the use of toiling for more? Ah, Tom! Tom! thee hast a proud heart, I fear."

"A grateful one, father; a most grateful one."

Mr. Mayfield looked appealingly to our hero, as if to ask him to say something to shake the resolution of his friend.

"He is right," said Harold

"Thee, too, agin me!"

"Not against you, sir, but most decidedly with my friend."

Although disappointed in the wish of doing all that affection prompted for his son, the farmer, after a little reflection had cooled the warmth of his feelings, mentally acknowledged that the boys were right. He, too, had the pride of independence, and could admire it in his son.

"Thee must tell thee mother this, Tom, thee-self. It will be a disappointment to her. I know she has set her mind on a farm at Lowelstree for thee."

As her husband said, it did prove a disappointment to Mrs. Mayfield, and her only consolation was that she had reconciled herself to her son before she heard of his appointment. The act would have been deprived of half its grace else.

Before Clara returned to Princess street, her future mother-in-law quite won her heart by insisting upon Telbin's being brought to the dairy, "where country air," she asserted, "and milk—*real milk* diet would do wonders to restore him to health."

When Mrs. Mayfield spoke of country air, our readers must recollect that Islington of eighteen hundred and twenty, and the Islington of the present day, were very different places.

That night the honest farmer and his wife slept soundly; for their son once more rested beneath the paternal roof.

The Arabs, whose language is so rich in metaphor and imagery, have a proverb which the most experienced of us would act wisely in remembering:

"Beware of prosperity."

Everything seemed to promise fairly for the happiness of Tom and the poor dancing-girl; but even whilst the prospect appeared most clear, and they were indulging in the young hearts' dreams of an unclouded future, the storm was gathering round them, and evil influences were at work.

Clara Cleret had other enemies besides Mr. Parfit, the money-lender, and her disappointed admirer, Captain Mansell. One of them, we regret to add, was of her own sex.

No sooner had the unprincipled captain made a proposal for the hand of Miss Harper *and Co.*, as he generally styled her, than the young lady took it into her head to be violently jealous. She had heard—female friends are proverbially good-natured upon such points—of her suitor's adventure at Brompton. *On dits*, hints, and paragraphs in the daily paper had confirmed it, and she declared to her father, with the petulance of a spoilt, only child, that the abandoned girl must be removed, sent away, placed in such a position as never to come in contact again with her future husband.

The difficulty was a delicate one. Money—and no one was better acquainted with the fact than Mr. Harper—could do much, but even in George the Fourth's day it was not quite omnipotent. After attempting in vain to reason with his daughter upon the subject, the wealthy merchant resolved to consult Sir Jasper Mansell.

He knew him to be a man of expedients.

In person never were two men more dissimilar, but in character there were many points of contact between them. The baronet was tall, gentlemanly, and not without a certain air of dignity; the father of the lady short, thin, with a mean, ferret-like face, and still more ferret-like eyes.

"Pooh!" exclaimed Sir Jasper, after listening to the subject of his friend's visit; "a mere escapade, a boyish folly, a caprice of which Augustus by this time feels heartily ashamed—a thing not to be looked upon in a serious light, I assure you. His royal godfather," he added, "laughed heartily at it."

The speaker rarely lost an opportunity of flashing before the eyes of Harper and Co. the high rank of his son's sponsorial parent.

This time, however, it seemed to have lost its effect. His visitor remained unmoved.

"My daughter does not feel it so," he observed, drily. "She considers her prospect of happiness with the captain seriously affected by the presence of that girl in London."

The baronet shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"She has even gone so far," continued Mr. Harper, "as to decline naming the wedding-day till she *is removed*."

The words were slowly pronounced, one after the other, in a sort of measured cadence, in order to produce the intended effect.

"What am I to understand by removing her?" demanded the banker, "and how is it to be done?"

"*You know best*," was the reply. "You are a man of expedients. You have accomplished far more difficult objects in your time."

The countenance of Sir Jasper flushed with anger, then turned suddenly pale.

"It must be done," added the speaker, "or I will not answer for the result."

"It shall," groaned the baronet.

"My daughter complains also that Lady Mansell treats her somewhat superciliously."

"I will speak with my wife upon the subject."

"That your son neglects her—he has not called since Monday, and——"

"Harper," interrupted the banker, "do not push me too far. I can remove the girl, since you exact it."

"I do exact it," observed the little man, coolly.

"I may influence my wife, perhaps, but I cannot vanquish impossibilities. My son would laugh me to scorn, were I to attempt to lecture him upon his conduct to Miss Harper. Do not hold the rein too tightly," he added, "or it may break."

The little ferret-visaged man repeated the word "break" disdainfully.

"Have you forgotten," continued Sir Jasper, sternly, "the difference a finger pressed upon a hair trigger might make?—to what it would reduce you and the wretched, conceited, heartless girl to whom I sacrifice my son and heir, whose fortune is my gift? Go; the object of her ridiculous jealousy shall be removed from London. Lady Mansell shall be as civil to her as maternal regret will permit. The rest of your demand is simply absurd and impossible."

Mr. Harper rose from his seat in the private office of the speaker with a crest-fallen air, and quitted the bank.

"The girl must be more reasonable," he muttered to himself. "The pulling of a trigger might change positions, indeed."

On reflecting coolly over the affair, he came to the conclusion that he had cause to be satisfied with his visit. The baronet had promised to remove the *danseuse*, and he knew him to be a man of his word.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Shame hath not left one blush upon that cheek;
'Tis seared with many shames and bitter scorn
Ill deeds have cast upon it." HEIR OF THE SEPT.

Mr. Pry was one of those men who, unfortunately for themselves, are born before their time; in other words, whose genius and inventive faculties outstep the age in which they live. At the present day he would doubtless have risen to the chairmanship of some vast bubble company—have handled millions, instead of accepting a moderate salary as confidential clerk to Mr. Parfit.

It is true he frequently found or made occasions for squeezing the well-filled money-bags of his employer, and the task he had undertaken of acting as gaoler to Ann Betts was an unusually favorable one; still he felt dissatisfied.

The process of amassing a competency guinea by guinea, or even by tens and hundreds, appeared to him disgustingly slow, miserable and unsatisfactory. Mr. Pry wanted to find himself rich—suddenly rich—and was not scrupulously delicate as to the means, murder perhaps excepted; we question if he could have screwed his conscience—that is to say courage—to that.

In addition to an amiable wife, who seconded him in his praiseworthy attempts at rising in the world, Mr. Parfit's clerk had an only son, a youth as unprincipled, but not quite as prudent as himself.

Matthew Pry, junior, had lost several situations. Somehow or other his accounts never would come right.

His mother explained it by declaring that, from his childhood, he had no head for figures, and we fear there are but too many youths like him at the present day.

We judge from the police reports.

"Matthew," said his father, as they were seated by the fire one evening after supper, "how long have you been out of a situation?"

"Three months this time."

"And no prospect of another," observed Mrs. Pry, "at least for the present, thanks to those abominable newspapers. They are always violating the sanctities of life, destroying the happiness of families by their impertinent interference. Why don't they put them down?"

This burst of eloquence was occasioned by a report not quite so favorable to her son's reputation for accounts as she could have wished, which had appeared in several of the daily journals.

"I fear not, mother."

"Hard up, I suppose," added Mr. Pry.

His youthful descendant—he was not more than seventeen—turned his waistcoat pockets inside out, by way of reply.

"Do you want a supply?"

His son admitted with touching frankness that it would be *rayther* acceptable.

"And aint particular, I suppose, how you obtain it, eh?" observed the confidential clerk, with a chuckle. "Silly boy, silly boy! you will learn the value of a character in time. Why, it's the most profitable capital a man can have to trade upon."

"Is that really and truly your opinion?" demanded Matthew.

"Really and truly," repeated his father.

"Ah! I understand now why you never went into business."

Instead of feeling offended, Mr. Pry senior chuckled at his son's wit. In fact, he considered it a proof that he would one day make his way in the world.

"I suppose you have heard of something for the boy?" observed his wife.

Her husband shook his head doubtfully.

"Do explain yourself!" exclaimed the young man, impatiently. "I have been out of collar too long to be very nice! What is it?"

"Wouldn't suit you."

"Try me."

"Can you bear confinement?"

"I ought," muttered Matthew, as certain unpleasant recollections crossed him. "I have had enough of it in my time."

"Well, then," said his father, "accompany me to my office in the morning. We must be there before old Parfit arrives. I will conceal you in one of the closets, where you may overhear what passes between him and Colonel Mordaunt, who has an appointment with him at twelve."

"At what time must I be there?"

"Eight, at the very latest."

"Four hours," said the young man, "in a dark closet! I ought to be well paid."

"You shall—a guinea for every one you pass there."

The terms were too liberal not to be readily accepted.

Mr. Pry would willingly have spared himself the expense, had it been possible, but his employer, he well knew, would find some excuse for sending him out of the way, add to which, he was expected to be in the office to announce the colonel when he arrived.

Matthew Pry frequently declared that the most valuable lesson in the art of life he ever received was the one Mr. Parfit unconsciously gave him whilst he stood watching him from his hiding-place in the closet. There was something positively artistic, he considered, in the way in which the old money-lender smoothed his hair and schooled his features, so as to give them a benevolent expression.

Judging from his description of it, the make-up—to use a theatrical phrase—must have been perfect.

Once, and once only, the mask was permitted to drop. It was when the confidential clerk announced the expected visitor.

As he had predicted, Mr. Parfit sent him on some communication into the City, and closed the door of the outer office carefully after him.

The colonel, a fine, gentlemanly-looking man of about fifty, seated himself with that quiet self-possession which denotes a person not easily moved or denied. He eyed the money-lender narrowly, and waited for him to commence the subject of their interview, but, finding he did not speak, broke the silence at last himself.

"Have you reflected upon my offer, Mr. Parfit?"

"I have."

"And the reply?"

"The same I gave you yesterday. I have not the slightest idea what has become of the dear children, whose very existence I was kept in ignorance of till yesterday."

His visitor smiled incredulously.

"Why should I deceive you?"

"Ask your own bad heart," exclaimed the old soldier, "and the evil passions that possess it. For many years your sister was little better than a prisoner. You feared lest her marriage should compel you to account for her fortune, and when I rescued her from your tyranny, and made her my wife, you sought by every means money and chicanery could suggest, to deprive her of it. I was a fool," he added, "knowing your character, to quit England without her."

The young gentleman in the closet, who overheard every word that passed, mentally declared himself of the same opinion.

"On hearing of the death of your sister," continued the speaker, "I commissioned a brother-officer and friend to send my children out to me to India. In vain he sought them in the village where their mother had resided. They and their faithful nurse had disappeared."

"Ann Betts," thought Mathew Pry.

"I cannot see how I am accountable for their loss."

"Legally not, perhaps, but morally yes," replied his brother-in-law, for such was the connection between Mr. Parfit and his visitor. "I have discovered, since my return to England, that on the death of your sister you transferred the fortune in the funds to your own name."

"It was legal, quite legal. There was no proof of your marriage."

"It must have been found in my wife's papers when she died," observed the colonel, sternly.

"Prove it, sir; prove it."

"You know that I cannot without your assistance. The chaplain of my regiment, who performed the marriage ceremony, is dead."

"A poor case," ejaculated the concealed witness.

"The fortune of my late wife," continued Colonel Mordaunt, "is no longer an object to me. I have made more than an honorable competency in India. I am quite willing to resign it to you, provided you restore to me my children and the means of vindicating the honor of their mother."

An almost imperceptible smile played for an instant upon the thin, parchment-like lips of the money-lender, then quickly disappeared, and he looked virtuously indignant, like a man who had detected a subtle snare.

"Were they legitimate, it would be out of your power to surrender the fortune of their mother," he observed; "and if illegitimate it is mine already."

"Have you no heart?—no sense of shame?" demanded the old soldier, passionately. "The folly of your youth has become the sin of your old age, and the accursed thirst of gold destroyed all human feeling in you."

"Not all," replied Mr. Parfit, in a mocking tone; "I can still feel resentment at your unjust suspicions."

"Villain!"

"The word is actionable, sir."

"And very true," thought Matthew.

"Villain!" repeated the colonel. "I shall find them yet, and, with them, the means to punish your infamy. The hour of retribution must arrive. Dream of it! think of it, and let anticipation be your curse!"

"Good morning," said his brother-in-law.

The outraged father strode up to him, and the guilty man crouched, like a reptile, beneath his cold, stern gaze.

"Do not tempt me too far, Parfit," he exclaimed; "human patience has its limit, I would not willingly dishonor a soldier's hand by taking your worthless life. If you are wise, repress all outward signs of triumph at the success of your dark schemes.

"We shall meet again," he added.

More dead than alive, for he was a coward at heart, the money-lender conducted the man he had so deeply injured to the outward office, closed and locked the door carefully after him, and then gave vent to his ignoble fears.

"What evil genius brought him back to England—after so many years, too?" he muttered, aloud. "I should as soon have thought the grave would have given up its dead to cross me. Why do I tremble in this dastard fashion? Everything is safe, quite safe, even if he meets his children. The only person who can prove that they are his is safe in the hands of Pry.

"I must pay the rascal well," he added, "to make sure of his fidelity."

"That you must," thought Matthew, who overheard every word Mr. Parfit uttered; "with a handsome bonus for son as well."

For more than an hour longer the spy was compelled to remain in his hiding-place. At the expiration of that time the money-lender quitted the chamber, and his father hastened to release him.

"Well, Matthew, my boy," exclaimed Pry senior, eagerly; "what have you discovered? what have you heard? what have you got?"

"The cramp," answered his son.

"Never trifle, boy, in business," observed the confidental clerk, in a tone of parental admonition.

"I don't intend it, father. Let us proceed regularly. Let me see. Exactly one o'clock; five hours—just as many guineas."

"We can settle that this evening."

"Can we?"

"Do you doubt my word?"

"Never trifle in business," repeated Matthew; "never trifling, according to my dictionary, means, never give credit. Besides," he added, "I am not particularly anxious to dispose of the information I have obtained."

"Indeed!"

"No. It won't lose in value by keeping.

Finding that he had no other means of eliciting the information from his son, Mr. Pry gave him the five guineas. When he heard that part of the conversation in which Colonel Mordaunt asserted that the proof of his marriage must have been found amongst his wife's papers, the idea suddenly struck him that Ann Betts either possessed or could tell what had become of it.

"There is money to be made," he exclaimed, rubbing his hands joyfully; "money to be made, if the old woman doesn't prove obstinate."

"And if she does, father?"

The suggestion was an unpleasant one.

"Shall I tell you how to tame her?"

Mr. Pry nodded assent.

"Hunger!" whispered the young ruffian; "only try it."

His father prudently determined upon trying persuasion first; but if forced to venture upon extreme means, he felt a proud assurance that both his wife and son would prove worthy of him.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A MAN who succeeds to his father's reputation must be greater than he to be considered as great; but he that succeeds to his father's riches will have to encounter no such deduction.

THE HARPS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Harp of the Winds!
Gone is the summer's jubilant breeze,
That gave thy chords such joyous tone,
And now a mournful music sweeps
From thee alone, alone!
The solemn Autumn, with his eyes
Brimful of tears, has brought his gales,
And we, where gladness danced in rhymth,
Hear only wails.

II.

Harp of the Heart!
Gone is the summer time of life;
Emptied that golden Southern bowl
Of sunshine, when the jubilant breeze
Imparadised the soul!
Tears? Tears?—Yes, let them freely flow!
What else when thus from Heaven we part?
Ah, Life's bright summer ever gone'
Ah, Autumn of the Heart!

September, 1861.

BRAVE EXPLOIT OF A SCOUT.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The following is the story of Nathan Bigby, who rendered some very important service, in the capacity of a scout, to the army of the Northwest, under General Harrison, during the war of 1812.

"One day, while at Franklinton, the headquarters of the commander-in-chief, General Harrison sent for me, and said he wanted me to set out immediately, with some dispatches for General Winchester, then stationed at Fort Defiance, on the Maumee river.

"'I need not tell you,' he said, 'that the route is long and perilous, and will require great caution on your part, to escape the roving bands of Indians which infest the whole country.'

"'No, General,' I replied, 'I am not ignorant of the danger of the undertaking, but I trust my natural prudence and experience will enable me to get through in safety.'

"'I hope so, Bigby—I hope so—for besides the fact that there are other men I could better spare than you, the dispatches with which I send you are of great importance, and cannot be delivered a moment too soon, therefore use all the speed you can consistent with prudence. How many men do you want?'

"I said I would take but four, if he would allow me to name them, which he did, and in less than an hour we were all on our way.

"It was late in December when we set out, the weather was very cold, there was some snow on the ground, and most of the streams were frozen, which was so far in our favor that we could cross on the ice instead of being obliged to ford or swim.

"Nothing worth mentioning occurred till we reached the head waters of the Scioto, when, as we were picking our way through a wild, rocky valley, we were suddenly fired upon by a small party of Indians, who had caught sight of us from the hight above, and had concealed themselves behind the angle of a ledge till we had come up within fair range. One of my companions, who was a step or two in advance of me, was shot dead, and fell back against me, throwing up his hands and uttering a sort of gurgling groan; but not one of the rest of us was touched, though the balls whistled close, one passing through my cap.

"As this was our first intimation of being in the vicinity of Indians, not a solitary trace of them having been discovered on our route previously, we were taken so completely by surprise as for a moment to be paralyzed. The next moment, however, I was prepared to act. Believing the assailants to be few in numbers, and that, if we sprung forward boldly, we could rout them, and probably kill half, I shouted to my companions to follow me, and went bounding up the hill, uttering yell on yell.

"My plan succeeded. The Indians, six in number, did not wait for us to come up to them, but suddenly left their hiding-place with answering yells, and ran zig-zag from tree to tree to avoid our fire. But they had old, experienced marksmen to dodge, and first one rifle, and then another, cracked upon the frosty air, and three fell—the others, like the cowards they were, making good their escape. Of those shot, only one was dead when we reached them, but we remembered our poor comrade back in the hollow, and put our knives to the work. Having killed and scalped them, taken their weapons and blankets, we went back and buried our friend as well as we could, and then resumed our march with increased caution.

"Night soon coming on, we selected a hazel thicket for our camp; and fearing to strike a fire, not knowing how near we might be to our foes, we all lay down side by side, wrapped in our own blankets and those we had taken from the savages and our comrade, which rendered us very comfortable. It had been our custom, on our march hitherto, to build a fire at night, and one of our number to keep on the watch; but as on the present occasion we had dispensed with the fire, and encamped in a thicket where we could not be closely approached without noise, we thought it as well to dispense with the sentry also. We all slept sounder than usual, notwithstanding the exciting scene through which we had so recently passed; and when I at length awoke, feeling greatly refreshed, I was surprised to find it still dark. In attempting to stretch up my hands, I was still more surprised to find them in contact with a bank of snow. I pushed up through it, and found it already light. I then discovered that snow had fallen to the depth of some eight inches while we had been asleep, and had completely buried us where we lay, though our breath and the bushes had so lightened it from a compact or solid body, that we had been able to get sufficient air for respiration.

"I immediately got up and roused my companions, and we made our morning's meal from our knapsacks before quitting the thicket. On leaving the thicket, we found an Indian trail within twenty rods of our camp, where the savages had passed, it might be in pursuit of us, not more than two hours previously, as we could judge by the amount of snow which had fallen since and partially obliterated the tracks. Had a fire been kindled as usual, we should probably have fallen victims to a surprise of superior numbers, and we were thankful for our providential escape.

"How many Indians had passed us we could not tell, as they had gone forward in single file, but there were indications of many feet, and we were thus warned to be on our guard against the wily foe. As the trail led in the direct course for us to take, we resolved to follow it, with a sharp look-out against being brought into an ambuscade.

"We toiled on through the snow till somewhere about noon, when we found the trail leading into a thick, dark swamp. This we resolved not to enter, but to keep away to the northward and go round it. Some time after this we went over a steep hill, and down into a narrow valley, through which flowed a small stream. This stream was frozen over, and we crossed on the ice, going down along the other bank, till we came to a point where the running water offered a fine opportunity for quenching our thirst. This we were in the act of doing, when we were again fired on by a dozen or fifteen savages, who, with loud yells, came running down the hill behind us. By this fire two of my companions were so badly wounded as to be unable to use their arms; but the third one and myself, seeing we could do nothing against so many, at once bounded across the stream, to make our escape, leaving the other poor fellows to their fate.

"A part of the savage crew stopped to butcher and plunder our friends, and the rest kept on after us, yelling furiously. We had reserved our fire, and now determined only to use it in the last extremity. We held our own up the hill, and for half a mile on the other side, by which time we found we had gained a little on the three foremost of our pursuers, which gave us some hope of ultimate escape.

"But the ground over which we were passing being very rough and uneven, with rocks, holes, hollows, clumps of bushes and fallen trees, we went stumbling forward, using every exertion to keep our feet, till at length, in attempting to leap a log, I struck both feet against the top of it and pitched head-foremost into the snow. At this our pursuers gave their yells of triumph; and my companion, seeing I must be captured if he went on, at once stopped, turned, and fired at the nearest, dropping him with a fatal aim. Then snatching my rifle from my hands, while I was in the act of rising, he took a hurried aim at another, who, seeing his intention, dodged behind a tree, though the piece only snapped. The others, who were strung along, at short distances apart, now turned off to the right and left, as if with the design of surrounding us, and went bounding from tree to tree, evidently fearful of even the slightest exposure to so deadly a marksman.

"By the time my companion had reprimed my piece, I was ready for another race, and we again started forward, having now only one weapon loaded. Had I been able to run as fast as before my fall, I think I should have escaped; but the first few steps showed me I had strained or wrenched my leg, and was no longer in a condition to distance my pursuers. It was a terrible thought, that of being butchered in a few moments, or taken prisoner by a foe who would only preserve my life for a more horrible doom; but there seemed no alternative; and so I told my companion not to linger by me, but save his own life if possible, and report to the General that I had done my best. He would have stayed, if by that means there had been even a bare possibility of saving me; but I urged him fly before it should be too late. We parted, with a mutual 'God bless you;' and without any attempt at resistance, I turned and sat down on a log, to await my fate, whatever it might be.

"As the Indians drew near, looking surprised and wary, as if they suspected me of some sinister design, I laid my rifle down by my side, and held up my open hands, in token of peaceful surrender. Even then they seemed to doubt that all was as fair as it seemed, and finally made a quick and furious rush, the foremost seizing me by the hair of the head and brandishing his tomahawk in a menacing manner. Then finding I was really their prisoner, they uttered yells of delight, and began to rob me of everything—weapons, blankets, knapsack, and even my body clothes—after which they conducted me back to the other party, giving up the further pursuit of my companion.

"Whether the plunder they obtained, or the manner of my surrender, or both together, put them in a pleasant humor, I am not prepared to say; but they certainly treated me with less brutality than I had reason to expect; and only when they gathered around their dying companion, did I consider my life in any immediate danger. Then indeed they clutched their weapons angrily, scowled fiercely, and menaced me in such a way that I began to think my last hour had come; but this soon passed off, and I remained unmolested.

"My blankets, coat and cap having been taken from me, I suffered not a little from the cold—a clear, sharp, northwest breeze having succeeded the milder air of the late storm of snow.

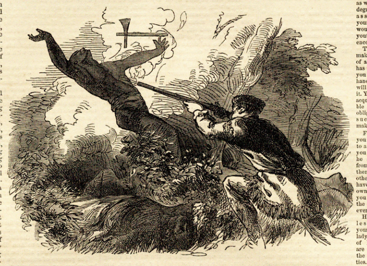
"The Indians travelled some three or four miles, and, entering a swamp, encamped for the night. It had been my hope, if my life were spared, to escape during the following night, but no opportunity was presented. Notwithstanding I had so quietly surrendered to them, and had afterward shown no disposition to get away, yet they took the precaution to bind my limbs before dark, and put me in the centre of the party while they slept.

"The next day the party divided, and I was given in charge of three warriors, who set off with me in a northwesterly direction. I asked by signs where they were going to take me, and what they were going to do with me; and I understood the reply, that I was to be taken to their village and burned at the stake, for the amusement and gratification of the tribe. This was not the most pleasant information in the world; but I concealed my feelings, and appeared to have no hope of escape, though I was now fully determined to effect it or sacrifice my life in the attempt.

"No chance, however, occurred till the third night; when, to my great joy, I found the ligature around my wrists less carefully secured than before; and waiting till all three were sound asleep, I began to work my hands and arms, and in the course of an hour succeeded in getting them free. I was then lying between two grim warriors, with the third stretched out below my feet, while the fire, burning brightly, enabled me to see them all very distinctly. To carefully draw the knife from the belt of the nearest, and cut the thongs which bound my legs, was the work of only a minute; and then carefully laying my plan, I prepared to act on what must prove death to them or me.

"My limbs were all now free, I was armed with a long, sharp knife, and there was a loaded musket within my reach. Bending carefully and silently over the nearest, I suddenly drove the knife through his heart. A convulsive spring startled his companion; but before he knew what had happened the same knife had severed his jugular vein. Then snatching up a musket, I shot the third through the brain, as he was in the act of leaping to his feet. Half a minute had served for the entire work of slaughter, and I was free once more. Taking a couple of blankets, and what weapons I wanted, I struck off into the dark forest, leaving the bodies of my foes to the prowling wolves.

"My dispatches having been secured next to my body, had not been discovered or molested; and two days after I delivered them to General Winchester. Of the five of us who set out together, I was the only one who ever returned to tell the tale—my last companion never being heard of after his parting from me in the manner related. I subsequently received the thanks of General Harrison, for what he was pleased to term my gallant exploit, and that was reward enough for me."



THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATE.

This unfortunate is easily recognizable in New York, by its frantic bewilderment in attempting to cross Broadway; now standing still, now leaping forward, now running back, in that agony of indecision, which is the best and surest recipe for a broken neck. Also by walking with its mates, three abreast, in that crowded thoroughfare, as if room were as plenty there as in its native Frogtown. Another sure sign of its origin is in its continuous and demonstrative waving of handkerchief, umbrella, parasol, basket, or any other weapon handy, at a desired omnibus-driver, who of course knows a native at once by the quiet uplifted fore-finger. Once inside the omnibus, the stranger may be known, by ferreting anxiously in all his pockets for a five-dollar bill, instead of handing up the ready sixpence with which the native avoids eternal self-reproach and the maledictions of hurried fellow-passengers. Also, the stranger may be known by his extreme and stunning toggery at places of public amusement, where fashion chooses to sit in quiet raiment.

If the stranger is a Bostonian, he may at once be recognized, by wearing—without regard to his profession—a sepulchral suit of solemn black, with immaculately polished boots and bosom, and a stand-aside-I-am-holier-than-thou air, intended to crush the sons of Belial who behold it. Let it not be supposed, however, by the uninitiated, that this, by any means, precludes him from joining any gay or festive scene which New York holds out as a reward of merit, to any inflated Pharisee, for a prolonged and painful spell of good behavior.

The stranger within the gate is sometimes the angel unawares; in which case she may be seen innocently and promiscuously distributing pennies, here and there, among bogus "objects of charity," and feeling good, as she takes a last pitiful look at the painted ulcer on a l—imb as sound as her own. Or, she may be seen, verdantly buying one of those huge cabbage-bouquets, in alternate mutton-chop streaks of white and red, got up for the delectation of strangers, and pensively applying it to her gratified nose, when her head is not spinning a tee-totum after some new freak of fashion, as displayed in a new arrangement of passing feather, ribbon or bow.

As if the equilibrium of a New Yorker could be disturbed by any such trifles! No. Omnibus horses may rise and fall, like the waves of the sea. "Extra" boys may yell themselves black in the face. Regiments in all the hues of the *reign-beau*, may come and go; but unless somebody knocks the well-beloved cigar from his jaded lip, Satan may claim his own, for aught he would move a muscle. FANNY FERN.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adaptng the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidentliy in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

M. B., (Waterford, U. C.)—The author of "The Triad" is an American. The LEDGER has been embellished by two or three engravings for several years. Our circulation is now larger than the combined circulation of all the literary papers published in New York and Philadelphia. We do not publish any advertisements in the *Ledger* because we are making money enough without doing so, and prefer to give our readers the benefit of all our space. Other weekly papers cannot afford to do so, and hence they are obliged to publish what few advertisements they can get, in order to get along; and even with that they are nearly all tottering on their last legs, being unable to pay expenses.

MEMMIE AND MATTIE put the following case: Two young ladies went to call on a lady friend. Her intended was lying on a sofa, and when the ladies came in he lit a cigar, and commenced smoking without asking permission of the ladies, and it rendered the atmosphere of the room so disagreeable to them that they were obliged to leave in consequence. What does the LEDGER say about this? It was a very great rudeness; no *gentleman* smokes in a lady's presence without first asking leave, and no gentleman continues the practice, *knowing it to be disagreeable*, even if ladies understand their own rights so little as not to remonstrate.

SCHOOLGIRL.—The poetry that young ladies prefer is not always that which is best for them, and the poetry that is best for them they will not always read. Since you ask us to mention some poets whose works are suitable to girls at school, we will suggest Milton, Spenser, Wordsworth, Southey, Scott, Coleridge, Tennyson. Young ladies generally find the narrative poems of Scott and Southey particularly interesting.

ALFRED.—It is impossible for any one to state "all the meanings—historical, philosophical and prophetic—of the apocalyptic number." In fact, nobody can with certainty say that it has such meanings at all. The number itself is the mystical one, 666, spoken of in the 18th verse of the 13th chapter of Revelations.

CHARLES M.—We cannot republish, or even give a synopsis of, the recent acts of Congress concerning the army, navy, or any other branch of the public service. You must hunt up the acts for yourself.

PERPLEXITY.—The question of age between *true lovers* is of very little account. Similarity of taste and feeling is of the first and greatest importance.

MARY.—The practice of "telling fortunes by turning up tea-cups" is of great antiquity. It was followed by the ancient Egyptians, who, instead of tea-leaves, used small pieces of gold and silver foil. These were thrown into a cup of water, the infernal gods invoked, and the answer of the gods in regard to the future event was determined by the position which the pieces of gold or silver assumed on turning out the water. The practice of turning up cups was formerly very common in England and Scotland, and in this country, but is now kept up only by some curious persons, who themselves probably have no faith in the revelations which they may read therein.

J. S.—You say that a young gentleman who waited upon you home the other evening, went away very angry because you refused to kiss him when he left. Did you do right or wrong? Right, most decidedly, and the young booby knew it as well as you. Never degrade yourself by associating with young fellows who would insult your youth and inexperience in that way.

T. B.—If you do make the acquaintance of a young lady who has made advances to you by waving her handkerchief, &c., you will probably repent it. Young ladies whose acquaintance is valuable are not apt to be obliged to resort to such expedients to make acquaintances.

FLORA.—You say you have apologized to a gentleman whom you offended, and yet he still keeps away from you? Well, why, then, do you wish it otherwise? Surely you have forgotten your own self-respect, or you would gladly let the matter drop forever.

HOPEFUL.—The less you commit yourself to any young lady on the subject of love while you are only eighteen, the better for all parties.

TRIAD.—In the battle of Bull Run the number of killed, wounded and missing bore about the usual proportion to the whole number engaged. The battle of Waterloo was, of course, an exceptional battle in every respect, but even on that bloody field the English army lost not much more than twice the number of our losses at Bull Run. The English began the battle of Waterloo with 23,991 men, not counting the allied troops. Their loss was 93 officers killed; 363 officers wounded; 1,916 men killed; 4,560 men wounded; total, 6,932. We had engaged at Bull Run about 20,000 men, and lost in killed, wounded and prisoners about 3,000 men. The losses of the French army at Waterloo were much greater than those of the English, but the exact figures cannot be obtained. The entire loss of Wellington's forces (which numbered 67,661 men and 156 cannons) was 4,206 killed, 14,539 wounded, 4,231 missing; total, 22,976. Napoleon's army consisted of 71,947 men and 246 guns. At the close of the day, the English were reinforced by 66,000 Prussians.

MCDOWELL.—Old age was the real cause of the death of the Duke of Wellington. He was eighty-three years of age, and had had several severe illnesses in the latter part of his life. In September, 1852, he was at the seacoast preparing for the reception and entertainment of some friends. He appeared to be in unusually good health the day before his death. But in the evening he was taken with sure symptoms of a cold, not unlike those of Gen. Washington in his last sickness. The usual remedies were applied, but without effect, and the next morning he had great difficulty in breathing. In the afternoon he became speechless and insensible, and lay in that condition until late in the evening, when he gently breathed his last. He died on the 14th of September, and was buried at St. Pauls on the 18th of November.

EDITH.—The "horrid fish" which has so excited your disgust is probably the ANGLER, which is a fish of from three to five feet in length, furnished with an enormous head and a capacious mouth filled with sharp, curved teeth. It is called by some the fishing frog, and by others, from its ugliness and voracity, the sea-devil, but the scientific name for it is *Sophiles piscatorius*. Around the mouth are numerous worm-like appendages, by means of which it is said to attract or entangle small fish, which soon disappear down its voracious throat. Most wonderful stories are told of its voracity, though they are by no means incredible. Among other things, it is said that it will devour flounders, and other fish which have been caught in the net with it, after being drawn upon the land.

X. A. D.—Grace Darling was the daughter of the lighthouse keeper at Longstone, one of the Farne Islands. Her notoriety comes of her having been the means of saving nine persons from the wreck of a vessel which was driven upon the rocks among the islands. The ship was the Forfarshire, and was wrecked on the 24th of November, 1838. At the entreaty of Grace, then twenty-two years old, her father put off in his boat, attended only by his daughter, for the wreck. A terrible storm was then raging, but the father and daughter reached the wreck in safety, and rescued nine persons, the only survivors out of sixty-three who were on board the vessel when she struck, and brought them safely to the lighthouse. Grace died of consumption Oct. 20, 1842.

WESTMINSTER.—Your difficulty arises from your not considering the meaning of the word, lieutenant. It means *holding in place of*. Now the highest military rank is that of general, and, properly speaking, we have in the United States but one general, namely, the President, who is commander-in-chief of all the forces, regular and volunteer. Gen. Scott, as lieutenant-general, is next to the President in military rank. Gen. McClellan ranks next to Gen. Scott, because his commission as major-general is dated earlier than that of any other major-general in the service. Gen. Wool is major-general by brevet, unless he has been promoted since he took command at Fortress Monroe.

NEWTON.—You are visiting, you say, two young ladies, and fear that your "agreeable and courteous manners" have excited a passion in one, perhaps in both. Your friends think you ought not to be so very "killing," lest you should get into difficulty. As for yourself, you are sure you are in love with *one* of them. You are a conceited donkey, and incapable of understanding the meaning of love. It is our opinion that the young ladies are leading you on to make fun of you. Such a fellow as you are is generally considered fair game by the girls.

DUANE.—On entering a room a gentleman should, of course, recognize and address every person with whom he is acquainted. The only case in which a gentleman should wait to be recognized by a lady is when his acquaintance with her is very slight or accidental, so that he is in real doubt whether she wishes to continue the acquaintance. For example, a casual introduction at a watering-place, a scraped acquaintance in a stage-coach, or a chance meeting at a large pic-nic, would not warrant a gentleman's claiming an acquaintance afterwards.

A FRIEND.—There can be but one opinion of such a mother as you describe, who does all she can to pain and mortify her young daughters, while she expects, at the same time—nay, *exacts*—the most affectionate manner from them to herself. They are much to be pitied; we hope they will some day have happy homes of their own, and avoid their mother's errors.

NERVOUS WIFE.—Your husband is evidently a brute. Drinking transforms the kindest husband in the world into one. Drink comes *first;* everything else is secondary. You must either make up your mind to leave him, or to bear with your trials patiently. There are thousands of wives all over the land, who have a husband's drunkenness and other heart-aches to stifle.

SUBSCRIBER.—There is some uncertainty as to the date of Sir William Wallace's birth, but none as to that of his death. He was tried in Westminster Hall, London, on the 23rd of August, 1305, and condemned to death. The sentence was executed on the same day, with the cruelty characteristic of that barbarous age.

RED INK.—Pekin was formerly supposed to be a far more populous city than London. Recently, however, it has been visited by Europeans, and it is now believed that its population does not exceed two millions, which is nearly a million less than that of London.

H. E. H.—Columbus was born near Genoa about 1440. His family was not of noble rank. His father and grandfather were wool-combers, and he himself was a mariner and map-maker.

FATHER.—We believe that children always make some revelation of the qualities which are to distinguish them in after life; but that revelation is not perceived or understood. It is true, as you remark, that Sir Walter Scott was not regarded as a brilliant boy at school, but it is also true that from early childhood his chief delight was to read, hear and tell stories. We have sat pondering over your letter fifteen minutes trying to call to mind one man of talent who did not show signs of that talent in his early years. Not a name occurs to us. Napoleon was a soldier from his cradle almost. The boy Newton was a contriver, experimenter and observer of nature. All the great musicians, Handel, Hadyn, Mozart, Mendelsohn, and the rest, were musical prodigies from infancy. The great painters all began to draw as soon as they could hold a piece of charcoal, and the great sculptors to whittle as soon as they could wield a knife. It is related even of celebrated preachers, such as Channing, Bishop White and others, that when very little children their favorite game was playing church. All the great actors began to spout in childhood. Garrick was a renowned little actor in private circles when he was eleven, and Edmund Kean showed great aptitude for mimickry before he was seven. You say that most boys give no marked indication of character. But the same remark applies to men. Talent is rare. Nevertheless, the attentive observation of the most common-place person will show that, even in his case, the child was father of the man. The common-place boy likes his dinner and hates his task, and the common-place man does the same. He is fond of pleasure, and averse to his duty; his desires are strong, and his conscience is weak; he is the boy grown up. Education can, of course, do much to rectify moral faults, and everybody is capable of being trained up to be a useful member of society in his proper sphere. But always it remains true, that the child is father of the man.

FLUSHING.—We did not say that a position defended by batteries could not be carried by assault; but that new troops should never be led against such a position until it had been thoroughly cannonaded. The battle of the Alma in the Crimean war is a good example to show that batteries, however well placed and well defended, *can* be carried, but it makes nothing against our assertion. The Russian position on the heights of the Alma was exceedingly strong, and was defended by 46,000 men and 180 guns; but, then, it was in plain sight. The English and French *saw* before them what they had to do, and did it. Moreover, they had a force of 48,000 of the best troops that ever fought. Nor can it be said that the Russians made a very fierce resistance. The attack began about half-past twelve in the day, and before four, the Russians were in full retreat, throwing away arms, knapsacks and clothing. The entire loss was: 26 English officers killed; 327 English privates killed; 73 English officers wounded; 1539 English privates wounded; 3 French officers killed and 54 wounded; 233 French privates killed and 1033 wounded. The Russians lost 5000 in killed, wounded and prisoners. You say, if we had had two thousand fresh troops to send forward at the critical moment, Bull Run had been for us a far more glorious day than Alma was for the allied army. It is true, we were within an ace of winning the day. But a miss is as good as a mile, and nearly every battle is won by what appears to be a very slight preponderance of advantage on the victorious side. We say again, keep raw troops out of such traps until you have opened a way for them, and know what you have to do.

ALICE.—You are disposed to give the aborigines of this country too much credit for the cultivation of different kinds of grain and fruits. Their knowledge of such matters was very limited. Of the apricot, they knew nothing at all. That delicious fruit is of oriental origin, being found indigenous in Armenia, China, Japan, and the sections intermediate and contiguous. It was brought into Europe as early as the time of Alexander the Great; and is now cultivated in nearly all parts of Europe and America. It has been cultivated in England since the middle of the sixteenth century. Your idea that "a good business might be made out of drying and preserving apricots, and selling them in different countries," is by no means a new one. The fruit thus prepared has long been an article of commerce. The Italians take out the stones, and dry the fruit, as we do in the case of peaches; the French put up the fruit in a preserved or candied state; and other "peoples" adopt one mode or the other; and altogether a large trade is carried on in the apricot. Your dispute with your young Spanish friend, as to whether the kernel of the apricot stone is sweet or bitter, like many other disputes, has arisen out of your partial information. There are some twenty different kinds of apricots, of some of which the kernel is sweet and of others bitter. It is supposed that, as in the case of the almond, the bitter kernel is the natural one, and that the sweet one is a triumph of cultivation.

UNION.—The lowest degree of cold artificially produced is seventy-three below zero. Mix two parts of dry muriate of lime with one part of dry snow, and the temperature will be reduced to the point named. The common mixture of snow and salt reduces the mercury only to zero. Your second question is beyond our philosophy, but we believe that the most intense heat yet produced has been by means of enormous burning glasses. There is one in the possession of the French government so powerful that when a diamond is placed in its focus, the diamond is instantly kindled and consumed. Whether there is any mode of measuring this intense heat we cannot say. This glass is three feet three inches in diameter.

WEBER.—Surely, we cannot be expected to decide a controversy between the most eminent historians of the age. Carlyle says that Oliver Cromwell was not a brewer, and Buckle says he was a brewer. We have the impression that both are right; i. e., Oliver Cromwell was essentially a country gentleman, or gentleman farmer, but he did brew beer, and brewing more than he wanted for himself, sold the surplus. It is a point of no consequence, that we can see. It was formerly very common for large farmers to have extensive brewing machinery on their farms, and thus make a double profit on their grain.

MATTIE VAN.—"Is a reciprocal appreciation of literature necessary to the happiness of a married couple?" Not as a rule; but in your case we should say it is. You tell us that the very life of your soul is in poetry, and that the girl you love is as insensible as a block to the beauties which thrill and penetrate you. If that is a true statement of the case, you will sicken of her before you have been married six weeks.

ABBIE.—We say again, as we have often said, that the cases are very rare in which a young girl should act contrary to the expressed wishes of her parents with regard to marrying a person they disapprove, though it remains on the other hand as improper, in our opinion, that she should be forced into marriage with a person she actually dislikes.

N. AND A.—It is not proper for you to allow a gentleman who is not related to you, and whom you meet accidentally, to pay your fare when travelling on the same road home. No such obligation should be incurred by any young lady, toward a man who may *possibly* make disrespectful mention of the circumstance afterwards.

W. W.—If a young gentleman who has long visited a young lady should leave her for another without giving any reason, it would of course be perfectly polite for her not to recognize him afterwards. In fact, it would be *improper* for her to recognize him under such circumstances, till he had explained his conduct satisfactorily.

G. M. H.—When a young lady to whom you are engaged will not take your arm when you wait upon her of an evening, you should inform her kindly that it is not proper for her to walk by your side of an evening without taking your arm, and that her doing so will cause unpleasant remarks concerning herself.

SEVERAL OLD SUBSCRIBERS.—A young lady should forgive the offence (when apologized for on the plea of intoxication) of using profane language in her company, but she should also put the offender on his probation, and make him win his way back to her good esteem by an abundance of good works.

IDA.—If you are visiting a lady friend, and a gentleman calls who is in the habit of calling on a certain evening, you should not leave the room if he inquires also for you, unless he is a lover of your friend. That alters the case.

L. H. W.—You love a girl with all your heart, but have seen her in the street with another young man. Shall you give her up or not? Of course not, for that reason. She is not bound to walk only with you, unless you have the right of a lover over her.

ENDOR.—The city of Sebastopol has been nearly rebuilt since the celebrated siege, and has been greatly improved and strengthened. The present population of the place, exclusive of the garrison, is about 8,000.

EX. V.—It is hardly the right thing for a lady who is walking with a gentleman to stop and talk to a lady friend without introducing him; it places him in a very embarrassing position.

IGNORANT.—The pump is an extremely ancient invention. By some it is attributed to Ctesibius of Alexandria, who flourished about 200 B. C. Pumps were in use all over Europe as early as the fourteenth century.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The English invariably pronounce the name of the river Thames as though it were spelt Tems.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*